YANK

THE ARMY WEE

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By the men . . for the men in the service

CANNONEER

NORMANDIE: The Navy's Biggest Salvage Job

PAGE 8

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W GUINEA CASUALTY

. George W. Powell is turning one cheek
vay he is because he wants you to see
happened to him when he bailed out
bomber over New Guinea to a somewhat
nt landing. Yes, that's a bruise. He'll re-
, thank you. Sgt. Powell, who comes
Copper Hill, Va., is still holding on to
the rip-cord handle of his chute.

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MPs Fight Under Fire

A YANK MP STANDS ON A MASS OF ENEMY RIFLES, SOME OF THE THOUSANDS THROWN AWAY BY AXIS TROOPS FLEEING FROM PALERMO.

By Sgt. WALTER BERNSTEIN
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE 45TH DIVISION IN SICILY [By Cable]—One platoon of MPs attached to this division had established headquarters, naturally enough, in what was left of the town jail, about three miles back of the farthest point of penetration in this sector of the Sicilian front.

Some of them were talking about their job. They realized, one of them said, that lots of people thought MPs would have to work twice as hard before they could even qualify as goldbricks. This misconception seemed to hurt them.

"We come out here and risk our lives every day," said Pvt. Louis Leo Zaritsky of Passaic, N. J., "and when we go home, they'll holler dirty names at us."

The odd part of it all is that the 45th Division's MPs do risk their lives every day. Their main job is to go up to the front and bring back prisoners, and frequently they find themselves some miles ahead of the infantry.

"Once we even passed our own reconnaissance," said Cpl. Matthew Ewadinger, a former cop from Easton, Pa.

"Then there was the time we went eight miles ahead of the infantry to pick up 180 prisoners," added Pvt. James Strickland of Duncan, Okla. "Some civilian told us they were in a town up in the hills, waiting to surrender. We hadn't even taken that town yet, but three of us went up in a weapons carrier and marched them back. They were shelling the ears off that town, and on the way back, who should we meet coming up but the infantry. All they could say was, 'Where the hell have you been?' "

There was the sound of thunder up ahead and everyone stopped talking to listen. "That's artillery," Strickland said.

"We even fought side by side with the infantry," said Cpl. Pat Sherlock, an Irish boy from County Galway who emigrated to Windsor Locks, Conn. "When we came off the boats on that first landing, we fought like regular infantry. That was some night."

Most of the traffic was moving up the road to the little town under fire, but soon a truck came from the opposite direction and stopped in front of the jail. A lieutenant and a corporal were riding in the front seat. The back of the truck was filled with men in Italian uniforms and torn civilian clothes.

"Some prisoners for you," said the lieutenant. "Nine Italians and one German."

When the prisoners were all safely inside the jail, the lieutenant said: "I want two men to take over on that bridge about a mile up the road, to give the other two a chance to get some chow." He took off his helmet and sat down in Zaritsky's place against the wall. "They're trying to get that bridge," he said. "They didn't have time to blow it up when they retreated so now they're after it with artillery."

The lieutenant's name was Robert W. Hamilton and he used to play pro football with the Detroit Lions. His home was San Francisco, Calif., and he was a graduate of the University of California and Infantry OCS. He was an infantryman for a long time before he transferred to the MPs.

"These MPs are under fire all the time," Hamilton said. "You take those two up on that bridge. They're liable to get their heads blown off almost any time."

There was a high whine of something in the air, and then a thunder crack close at hand. Everybody ducked.

"Who's liable to get their head blown off?" somebody asked.

"They're just overshooting the bridge," Hamilton answered.

There was another whine and everybody hit the ground. This time the explosion was even closer. Then there was a noise as if the roof were falling in. The ground bounced up and down, and Hamilton yelled: "In the field, in the field."

Everybody got up on the double and scattered across the road into the meadow. Pvt. Francis B. Brave, a big full-blooded Sioux Indian from Shawnee, Okla., and another MP ran out of the building, followed by the prisoners, who looked scared.

Strickland came crawling through the grass and lay on his belly in a ditch. "Like I was saying, us MPs—," he began; then there was another whine and still another. Two shells hit along the road about 50 yards from us.

"Like I was saying," Strickland began again, "there we were, a bunch of lousy MPs, and damned if we weren't leading the infantry into battle." He shook his head and then stood up slowly. Lt. Hamilton was standing in the middle of the meadow, waving everybody back to the jail.

Another jeep stopped in front of the jail. Out stepped a lieutenant wearing a helmet with the letters "MP" on it.

"This is Lt. Sean O'Day," said Lt. Hamilton. "He has been closing up a house of ill fame."

As they talked, a motorcycle pulled up and stopped alongside the jail. The driver shouted that there was another load of prisoners waiting to be picked up at our advanced positions. O'Dea went inside to select a detail of MPs, and Hamilton walked to a jeep with Cpl. Sherlock.

"We'll go see if they've taken that town yet," Hamilton said. "You talk about MPs—"

"Hell," broke in Sherlock, "you know in that first landing—well, there was this one infantryman firing his rifle behind a tree, and he turned around and saw us firing right behind him. 'Goddamit,' he said, 'can't I go anywhere without being followed by MPs?' "

Army cops in Sicily often find themselves dodging shells miles ahead of the infantry when they go up front into the enemy line to bring back prisoners.

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PSYCHOLOGY for the Fighting Man

What causes panic and mental breakdowns in the Army? Here's an interesting discussion of such problems in straight, simple language.

On these pages YANK presents selections from *Psychology for the Fighting Man*, the new Infantry Journal book prepared for soldier readers by a committee of the National Research Council with the collaboration of Science Service. Material in the book was written and edited by 60 outstanding American psychologists, medical and military authorities.

Panic

PANIC can occur in the best-drilled, most thoroughly seasoned troops. Some of the greatest routs in history have been cases of panic. The panicked group is much like a mob but it acts from fear, not anger. Even a well-disciplined regiment can disintegrate into a panicky mob when it meets a situation for which it has never been prepared.

Among troops which are "panic-ripe" a single cry of "Gas!" or "Run!" or "We're cut off!" may start a mad flight. The enemy, aware of this fact, plays on it whenever possible. In the first AEF, agents were planted among American troops to yell "Gas!" when the cry might start a panic. It became necessary to work out a code warning for gas, known only to trusted men. "New York" would mean gas one day, "Minneapolis" the next. The men were instructed not to cry "Gas!"

Trifling things can start panic.

In 1866, a dust cloud was enough to start the cry, "The German cavalry is charging!" among exhausted and frightened Austrian troops. The dust cloud was raised by a herd of frightened pigs.

In 1918, a runner handed a message to a battalion commander. The major read it and called to his adjutant, "Come on, let's beat it." The two started toward the rear at a dead run. The entire battalion was instantly in wild flight behind them. The message was only an order to report to headquarters.

One main cause of panic is lack of training. Troops trained only in methods of attack may, when forced into quick retreat and separated from their leaders, turn into a typical mob.

Bad morale, rumor and poor leadership can make the ground ready for panic, impairing the confidence in command necessary to hold troops to the performance of duty. Contradictory or ambiguous orders make troops ripe for panic. So do apparent stupidity and vacillation among officers. Or prolonged waits under tension. Or frequent false alarms. Or unexplained retreats on the heels of victory. The death of a leader in whom confidence has been too much centered also makes the grieving men more ready for panic.

Once panic has begun, the best way to halt it is to capture attention and then provide positive, clear commands. If no officer is present, any self-possessed man can assume leadership and give the scared men what they need—clear confident direction. Unconcerned calm is effective if it can get full attention. One officer got attention in the first World War by standing up on a stump and laughing loudly and pointing at panic-stricken men who came running by him following others.

Sleep

YOU can stay up all night and keep awake provided you keep using some muscles, at least the speaking muscles. You can march all night, play poker all night, fight all night, talk all night. You will be likely to get terribly sleepy somewhere along between 0300 and 0600 hours unless you are doing something exciting or intensely interesting. But you can get through provided you are active. It is very hard to fight sleep if you are quiet and by yourself.

By breakfast time you will be getting less sleepy. You can get through the next day pretty well. You will feel uncomfortable. But other people will not notice anything wrong with you unless you sit down and relax with nothing important or interesting to do. Then, very likely, you'll doze off.

The second night you won't want to stay up but you may have to. Another march may be necessary or the enemy may attack. And the second night is like the first but more difficult. It is harder to keep active under your own power; yet you can, if your officers or the enemy furnish the motivation. You don't want to keep your mind on any topic very long. By this time you are probably getting quite irritable. Little things provoke you and you may talk some nonsense.

The third day is better than the second sleepless night, but you will be irritable, rambling and illogical in speech and thought, inattentive, more than usually sensitive to pain. Your eyes itch. You may begin to see double. You can't sit down and read. You can still be spurred to your full mental powers and manual dexterity if the stimulus is strong enough—if your commander demands your attention, if a shell comes over—but the effect of these things doesn't last as long as it would normally.

With frequent food, how long can you go without sleep? You can manage a third night without sleep and maybe a fourth, with all the symptoms getting worse, with attention harder and harder to command, with more and more activity necessary to keep you awake.

There was a man once who believed that sleep was a bad habit which ought to be and could be overcome. He was given a watchman's clock on which to report every 10 minutes the fact that he was awake. He stayed awake almost continuously for 9½ days. As time wore on, he became dazed. He would keep appointments at the wrong time or in the wrong place or both. He got so that he was not always sure where he was. At the end of the time, he had become so cantankerous that the experiment had to be stopped.

Men who stay awake for two or three days are generally in pretty good shape after a 12-hour sleep, and show no effects at all after two or three normal nights' sleep.

The War Within the Man

HOW to be brave and safe—that is the greatest psychological problem for the soldier. Most of the war neuroses (mental illness) result from the failure of men to find any sort of satisfactory way out of that dilemma. Every man is equipped with two kinds of deep-seated desires or instincts. Often these two conflict. One set has to do with his relations with other men—he wants to be one of the gang, appreciated and admired by the others, and he even likes to sacrifice himself for the good of the group to which he belongs, whether it is family, church, army or nation. But he has also another set of desires that cannot ever be entirely denied, desires connected with himself—his life, his comfort, his personal freedom.

A move to the war theater usually brings a crisis within the soldier as well as in the battle against the enemy. When a man finds himself close indeed to death, then his instinct of self-preservation makes every fiber of his being protest against facing the danger.

Yet his comrades, his officers, his country are all counting on him. If the personal instincts win the struggle, the man will run away or surrender. If the social instincts prevail, then he is the stuff

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Unconcerned calm stops panic. In the first World War, an officer brought panic-stricken men to their senses by standing on a stump and laughing loudly at them as they ran by him.

of which all good soldiers are made. For a few this struggle ends in a stalemate—a compromise. That is what a war neurosis is. The man cannot bring himself to go forward, yet he is too conscientious to give up. He is not to be blamed. He is not a coward. If he were, he would have no mental conflict. He would see to it that he was not at the front but in a soft, safe job somewhere at a good distance. If necessary, he would desert. But he does not desert and still he does not fight.

Food and Sex

MEN in any army, especially those recently come into the service, are apt to feel hungry and think the hunger is for food, but actually it is for other satisfactions which throughout their lives have been intimately associated with eating. They may not realize it, but often the truth is they have become homesick. They are longing for those upon whose presence and affection they have long depended. They want their wives or mothers. Because they are not completely aware of what it is they need, they may smoke or drink to excess or may eat quantities of candy or ice cream. Recognition of these facts will enable the new soldier to use the post exchange with discretion.

In some men the sexual instinct is expressed as a direct and not-to-be-denied demand. When excited strongly, especially under the influence of alcohol, almost any woman, the easier the better, will serve to reduce the pent-up tension.

The typical man in the Army, however, cannot find true satisfaction with prostitutes or in other promiscuous relationships. Most men choose a sexual partner not solely for the relief of purely sexual tensions but for the satisfaction of much more complex needs. Many men will have already chosen such a person before they come into the service—a sweetheart, fiancee, or wife. Separation from home, for soldiers of this kind, means much more than merely sexual deprivation. It means the loss of innumerable delights of feminine companionship.

If the cherished one at home sends constant reassurances of faithfulness, expressions of pride in what her man is doing for his country, and gifts and letters in abundance, the soldier will find it much less difficult to keep his spirits high and resolutions firm. If, however, a soldier is denied these substitute satisfactions, then the feeling of aloneness, especially if he half consciously wants to make his own girl suffer for her neglect of him, may drive him to seek sexual satisfaction with other women.

Alcohol and Tobacco

IN SMALL amounts alcohol may increase strength a little, but in large amounts it makes a man weaker. A man who weighs 200 pounds can stand about twice as much liquor as a man who weighs only 100 pounds. Fats in the stomach—milk, cream, butter, cheese or olive oil—help to keep you sober. The same amount of alcohol taken in tall drinks well diluted with charged water or ginger ale has less effect than it does taken straight from the bottle or in a cocktail. You get the greatest effect from the smallest drink lying down. If you want to drink and stay sober, stand and put one foot up on the traditional brass rail or walk briskly outdoors.

Some men believe that alcohol makes them brave. They want a shot of liquor before they undertake a difficult mission. But this idea is true only in a limited sense. Alcohol does make men face hazards more recklessly because it dulls their appreciation of danger—a very hazardous sort of bravery.

An habitual smoker may work better when he smokes. It is unlikely that tobacco helps him. It is more probable that he has learned to work best when smoking so that not smoking bothers him. There is some evidence that excessive smoking may contribute to the development of stomach ulcers. There is rather clear evidence that heavy smoking produces temporary defects of vision.

The best rule is not to smoke more than is necessary to avoid that bothered feeling which the smoker has when he longs for a smoke.

A Few Tips on How To See in the Dark

MODERN war is often war at night. That means men must learn to see in the dark and to use their eyes in unfamiliar ways.

Everyone knows that when you go into a dark room from a bright one it is hard to see until your eyes become used to the gloom.

There are two ways in which your eyes adjust for seeing in the dark. They can open up to let in more light and they can shift over to a more sensitive set of light detectors. They do both.

It's the pupil of the eye that opens up in the dark to let more light in—and closes down in bright light to a pinhead opening so as to keep out too much light.

But the important change in this shift is to the more sensitive set of detectors.

The retinas of your eyes have two kinds of light-detectors called *cones* and *rods*. The cones do the seeing in bright light, the rods at night.

The cones—there are millions of them in each eye—are packed closely together in the very center of the retina, the part that does the most accurate seeing in the daylight. That's why, in daylight, you have to look directly at something in order to see it best. The cones also see colors.

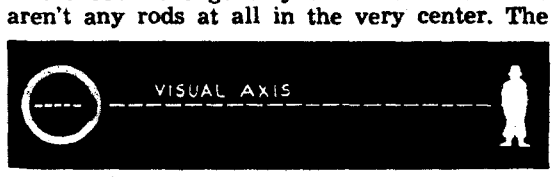
The rods—and there are millions of them, too—are color-blind. That is why "all cats look gray at night." Cats really do—and so do trees and flowers, provided the night is dark enough. But a red or green signal light is seen as colored at night because it is bright enough to get the cones working.

The rods are packed most closely together at the outside edge of your retinas and there aren't any rods at all in the very center. The center part of your eye, that is most sensitive in daylight, is actually blind at night. So don't look directly at a thing to see it in the dark. Look alongside of it.

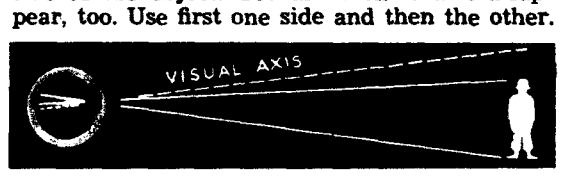
You may not in the dark be able to spot an airplane if you look straight at it. Yet you can pick it up out of the corner of your eye if you look away.

Always remember, therefore, that you must look a little to one side in order to see best on a very dark night. As you feel your eyes drawn toward what you want to see, just let them slide on over to the other side of it and look again with the tail of your eye.

And don't keep looking steadily to the same side of the object. Because then it will disappear, too. Use first one side and then the other.



Incorrect method of seeing in dark.



Correct method: look alongside object.

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The Eight-Ball, Chugalug and C. E. Shack Gave the Japanese Hell in China

By Sgt. MARION HARGROVE
YANK Staff Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN CHINA—"Heavy bombers of the Fourteenth Air Force today bombed Japanese installations in the Ichang area, inflicting heavy damage. The bombers were attacked by a large formation of Zeros, and aerial gunners of the B-24 crews destroyed 20 confirmed and 4 probable enemy aircraft. All planes returned safely."

The day's doings probably filled an inch and a half of column space in the papers back home, but they gave aerial support, which was all the Chinese ground forces needed to halt a determined Japanese drive on Chungking.

The best story of the mission came from the crews of a flight of three B-24s—the *Eight-Ball*, the *Chugalug* and the *C. E. Shack*—which were at the tail end of the formation.

"We'd been bombing the hell out of three Jap bases for two days," the boys said, "before the Japs woke up enough to give us any opposition. On the third day our target was Kingmen, a Jap fighter and bomber base on the Yangtze.

"We sent one of the escorting P-40s to look things over, and when he came back he had every damned Zero in China on his tail. We didn't have time to stop and count them, but there was something like 50 of them coming up."

According to T/Sgt. Donald (Dog) Masters of Baker, Oreg., top-turret gunner on the *Eight-Ball*, "for about 45 minutes there, we had the damnedest fight you ever saw. There were Zeros everywhere you looked, trying everything they could think of to break up our formation. They even dived through it, and they came so close you could have chunked rocks at them. One Zero that was already burning to beat all hell tried to ram us as it went down, but we finished it off with a .50-caliber."

S/Sgt. Louis Kne of Chisholm, Minn., tail gunner on the *Shack*, told how seven Zeros were flying behind his formation. "Two tried coming out at the formation, one at a time," he said. "We turned loose some bursts at them and they went back to mamma. Finally all seven came up, peeled off one by one and dove at us.

"Our top-turret man [S/Sgt. Charles (Horsehide) Hanks of Crawford, Nebr.] started shooting at 400 yards and let them have about 75 rounds. I thought one of them never was going to stop. He was coming down from above our tail at about 400 yards and we could see from our tracers we were shooting a little over him. But when he got 200 yards away he pulled up a little and we could see the tracers come right down through his cockpit and engine.

"I could hear the others hollering that Zeros were coming in from 12 o'clock to 6. All the guns on our ship were firing at the same time, and the ship was shaking like it had epilepsy. One Zero came up at us from below. The waist gunner yelled it was coming, so I turned my guns and threw it 15 bursts at about 100 yards. The waist gunner saw it going down."

"I was in the upper turret of the *Eight-Ball*," said Masters, "when I saw one of them make a dive straight at me off the left wing. I cut loose at him and I could see the pieces falling out of it like it was a gutted hog. It headed for the ground, went over our right wing and started stalling. The *Chugalug's* waist gunner [T/Sgt. Leroy Harned of Plainfield, N. J.] shot it again and it blew to hell and gone.

"There was a P-40 chasing a Zero—a little above and behind the Zero—and I saw him give a dive at the Jap. The Zero burst into flames just as the P-40 pulled up over it.

"Another Zero glided over our turret so close I could see the gold in the pilot's teeth. He couldn't have been more than four feet away. Another came straight at our nose. The navigator let go a burst and he and the bombardier saw it start smoking. The Zero went around our side and our left waist gunner shot at him as he came alongside. 'He must have been about 50 yards away when he broke into flames."

Sgt. Bert (Bitch) Morgan of St. Louis, Mo., tail gunner on the *Eight-Ball*, said: "Two of them came in at the same time at the tail of the *Eight-Ball* and both of them were shooting at me. I was shooting with one gun—my other was jammed—but I got one of the Zeros."

The left waist gunner on the *Shack* is T/Sgt. Wayne Sadler of Deming, N. Mex., who has a heavy old-style bartender's mustache that droops and then curls fancifully at the ends. "One Zero came at us from over toward the *Eight-Ball*, down low," he said, "and I started popping at it. He fell over on one wing, and when he did, I poured a burst into the belly of his plane and he started going on down."

Ichang, an important Yangtze port where the Japanese were concentrated, was the secondary target on the way back from Kingmen. "When we got there," said Sadler, "we found another nest of Zeros waiting for us. There was also some ack-ack, but it was quite a ways below us. We bombed the bejesus out the dock installations."

The *Shack* heaved into home plate on three engines. One of her gas tanks was shot out, one of her tires was flat and she had five other holes. The *Chugalug* had a cannon hole in her wing and the navigator's dome was shot off. The *Eight-Ball*, too, had a hole in the wing and the elevator trim-tab cable was shot in two.

But there wasn't a scratch on any of their crews and the other planes in the mission had fared equally well. Of the 20 enemy planes confirmed as shot down, the three B-24s got credit for 10, the high score for the day.

This Week's Cover

AT the Field Artillery Replacement Training Center, Fort Bragg, N. C., Pvt. Charles B. Calhun loads a 105-mm gun. Calhun, who comes from Longley, Ala., is attached to Battery B of the 4th Regiment. The weapon slung over his shoulder is a carbine, now used by all field artillerymen.

PHOTO CREDITS: Cover—Sgt. John Frano. 2—M Sgt. Thomas J. Evans. 3—INP. 7—Signal Corps. 8—Upper left, WW; upper right, PA; lower, Sgt. Ralph Stein; lower left inset, PA. 9—Upper left & right, Stein; center right, PA. 12 & 13—Sgt. Dave Richardson 18—Upper left, PRO, Camp Adair, Oreg.; upper right, PRO, Randolph Field, Tex.; center left, Signal Corps, Camp Blanding, Fla.; center right, Camp Pickett, Va.; lower left, San Bernardino (Calif.) Air Service Command; lower right, Camp Edwards, Mass. 19—Left, Frano; right, top to bottom: Signal Corps, Camp Hood, Tex., Frano, Signal Corps. 20—Monogram Pictures. 21—PA. 23—Upper, INP; lower, PA.

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What Was It That Was Needed So Badly by the Air Force in Iran?

A PORT IN IRAN—It was hot and time to quit, and the GI stevedores still had one hatch to go. But the deck boss had given them a pep talk, and they decided to unload the last hatch. There was something down there for the Air Force, and the Air Force boys were standing on the deck yelling for it.

The temperature went up as the soldier-hoisters toiled. Sweat rolled down their tanned faces and splashed on the dock. The Air Force boys stood under the cool protection of the operations hut and cheered them on. Now and then a guy would throw a Bronx cheer from the sizzling hoid, and the other guys would laugh. But they worked on.

The hatch boss yelled for the big boom. They had reached the thing. The Air Force came out from under the cool hut and gathered around the hatch. The boom bucked and strained. The thing came up. It was some kind of a machine and had a long blade. It looked like a Euclid bulldozer, only much bigger.

No one seemed to know what it was, not even the old timers who had seen everything from a General Grant tank to a toilet seat come out of the holds. The dock boss turned to the Air Force boys: "Well, what in hell is it?" They got out their papers and consulted. They still didn't know. Then some smart dogface jerked a shipping order off the thing and handed it to the AAF staff sergeant.

The whole port battalion waited, tired and sweaty. After a moment the AAF sergeant whispered something to his men. Their faces turned white and then red. They backed away.

"Well?" bellowed the dock boss.

The sergeant cleared his throat.

"There's been a mistake," he said. "This should have gone to Iceland. It's a snow plow!"

That's how five AAF boys found themselves swimming in the Persian Gulf.

—Cpl. JIMMY O'NEILL
YANK Staff Correspondent

Yanks in New Guinea Learn To Blow Their Noses in Pidgin

AUSTRALIA—The Aussies say all Yanks talk with an accent, but they admit there's nothing quite like a conversation between a GI from Brooklyn and a native Papuan boy.

The native speaks Pidgin English, the language adopted by the people of New Guinea in their dealings with U. S. and Australian troops whom they are helping as pack-carriers and guides.

The Brooklyn boy speaks Brooklynese, the language of a race of people living on an island east of Manhattan.

Pidgin is a unique, imaginative, catch-as-catch-can adaptation of the English language that you have to hear to believe. Thus a man milking a cow is "Pull him soo-soo long bullime kau." When a native forgets his instructions, he says, "Me loos him talk belong you." And if you don't understand him, you say, "Suppose you quick time too much, me no savvy talk belong you."

When tea is ready to serve it is "Tea he cook finish." Sour milk is "Soo-soo, he stink finish." The ocean is "soda water." To chase away mosquitoes is "Raus nat-nat."

Pidgin in very logical: The word for "small" is "lik-lik." "Tablecloth" is "lap-lap." So "handkerchief" is "lik-lik lap-lap." And to blow your nose is "lik-lik lap-lap long nose."

—Pfc. GEORGE KAUFFMAN
YANK Field Correspondent

In Next Week's YANK . . .

THE GUN

The story of a 105-mm howitzer, Serial No. 1008, and the nine men in the 45th Division who took it from Camp Barkeley to Pine Camp and then to the front lines in Sicily.

Dogface Dialogue From the Middle East

THE GENERAL AND THE "GIs"

WELL, Pvt. Morrison, as I live and breathe slowly! I'm a corporal, now. How're ya, boy?

Swell. You on this field now?

Nope. Drove in with a convoy. I'm herding a 6 by 6.

Oh. You come in with that big string of trucks? Heard a general rode in with it.

He did. In fact, he rode with me.

Brown-nosin', eh?

Nope. He wanted to ride along to see how the roads are.

Did he find out?

Yep. He examined the road every hundred yards or so.

Looking for mines?

Nope. Looking for spots. He had the "GIs."

A general with the "GIs"? Wow! That's something. Have 'em bad?

Plenty. The fourteenth time he got back in the truck he cussed hell out of the medic who told him castor oil is the first thing to take for the "GIs."

You mean he got out 14 times?

The other side of Tobruk. This side he got out 33 times before I started helping him.

Helping him?

Yeh, he begun to get weak and I had to hold him up.

Boy, he must of had 'em. Bet the rest of the guys in the convoy cussed him for holding up the procession.

At first. After a while they got used to it. A couple of times they even got out and made tea.

Is he a pretty good guy?

Not bad at all. But coming into camp he sure exploded.

How come?

I asked him if he was getting sore. He misunderstood me.

How?

I meant was he sore with the "GIs" he had. He thought I meant was he sore with the GIs driving the other trucks behind us.

What'd he tell you?

He said, hell, yes, he was sore. He said he didn't mind the embarrassment of me holding him up so he wouldn't fall in the sand, but by God, the other truck drivers didn't have to cheer every time he was finished.

Cairo, Egypt —Cpl. JOHN R. EVANS

Grease Monkeys in India Jungle Victims of Real Monkey Business

SOMEWHERE IN INDIA—Monkeys from the nearby jungles used to be welcome visitors at "The Jungle Home of the Grease Monkeys," camp of a motor-maintenance outfit in northeastern India. The GI mechanics enjoyed the antics of their tree-climbing namesakes.

Then one day T-4 Bill Slagle of Barbourville, Ky., discovered one of his tiny visitors ripping paper labels from the spare-parts bins. That little "monkey business" ruined Bill's monthly inventory, taken just two days before.

The pay-off came a few days later. Capt. Hervey Ray of Terre Haute, Ind., convoy officer from a nearby camp, brought his drivers over to get 15 trucks which had been left at the motor pool for repairs. When the drivers tried to start the trucks, they found the ignition keys on 14 of them were missing. T/Sgt. Bill Boarman of Owensboro, Ky., spotted a monkey perched on the steering wheel of the last truck. In his paw was an ignition key. The other 14 are still missing.

So are the monkeys. They aren't welcome here anymore.

—Sgt. ED CUNNINGHAM
YANK Staff Correspondent

Ma, They're Making Eyes at Me; Or How to Start a Riot in Hawaii

HAWAII—It was near the end of a rugged three-day problem among the jagged volcanic peaks on the island of Oahu. The men were pooped, and by 8 P.M. the only sound in the bivouac was an off-key symphony of snores.

Three hours later every officer and enlisted man was awakened by a plaintive cry for help from far down the mountain. Someone was lost, and a volunteer rescue unit had to be formed at once.

A shavetail, five sergeants and 35 privates seized flashlights, machetes, ropes and a stretcher, and began the treacherous descent. "Don't worry," they shouted as they edged slowly down the slippery rock. "Help is coming."

In the distance the men could hear the eerie voice again. "Ma," it whined, "ma." The rescue party smiled grimly. A lost and frightened dogface calling for his mother.

"Help is coming," they shouted again. "Save your voice."

An hour later, sweaty and begrimed, the men knew that their rescue mission would succeed, for now the plea for "ma" was close by. Then a private, a little ahead of the others, gasped and swore.

Some 50 feet below a wild goat had jumped across a narrow chasm, bleating "maa" as it jumped.

The rescue unit had goat meat for breakfast next morning, and their abrasions and contusions have healed by now. But today if a foolish GI gives out with a falsetto "Save your voice" or "Help is coming," he starts a minor riot.

—Sgt. MERLE MILLER
YANK Staff Correspondent

Grandpa Found Tony, Grandma Found Joe, Among Invaders in Sicily

WITH U. S. FORCES IN SICILY—They were million-to-one shots, but a Sicilian grandmother at Gela and a grandfather at Palermo found their grandsons, whom they had never seen, among the thousands of American troops in the invasion forces.

The grandfather, who spoke no English, reasoned in simple innocence that one of the Americans in Palermo might be his son's son, Pvt. Tony Calato of San Francisco, Calif. So he seated himself on a busy corner and at intervals shouted Tony's name. Finally an Italian-speaking GI told the old man he knew a Tony Calato and gave him the name of his company and regiment. After several hours of searching, Grandfather Fologini found Tony sleeping in a cobblestone courtyard.

When Pvt. Joe Gallo of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., arrived in Gela with the first group of Yanks, he was greeted by his grandmother, a tiny lady who recognized him from pictures sent her by relatives in the U. S. Gallo's parents were married in Sicily soon after his dad was mustered out of the AEF during the last war. They went to the U. S. a few years later.

—YANK Field Correspondent

These soldiers from a crack Negro AA regiment in Trinidad, the "Red Diamond," keep their gun spotless. Left to right: Pvt. Robert Rozier, Jersey City, N. J., Cpl. Eddie Jones, Florence, S. C., and Pvt. Edgar Woods, Jacksonville, Fla.

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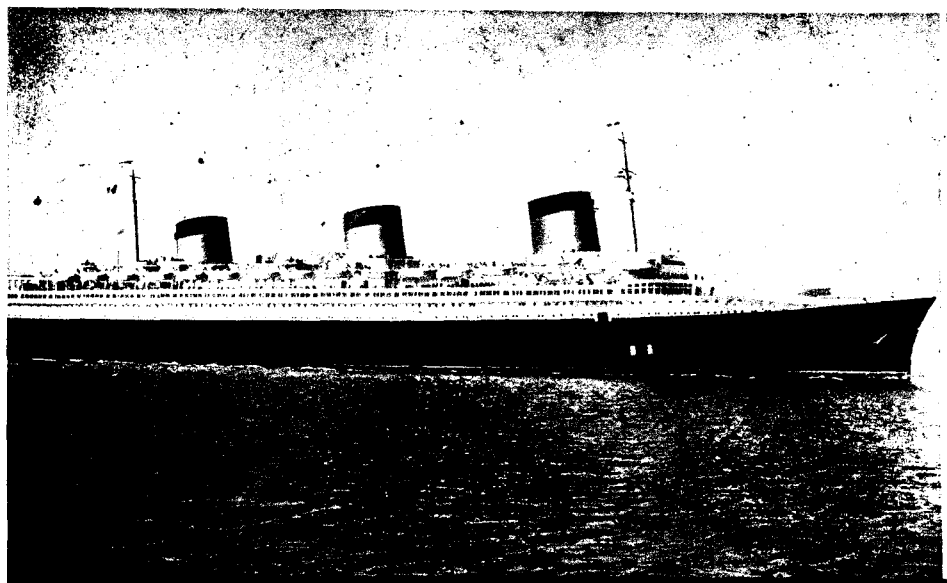

The Normandie in her prime (1937). She is as long as three football fields placed end to end, and skyscrapers put in her would be visible only above the tenth floor.

Renamed the USS Lafayette, the vessel was swept by fire on Feb. 10, 1942. Rolling over to 90 degrees, she came back to 79, showing that gravity favored salvage.

It was the toughest salvage job in history and a lot of smart guys said it couldn't be done—but the Navy is completing the gigantic task of lifting this huge ship from the mud of the Hudson River where it sank 18 months ago.

work under toughest conditio

The deck, as she moved, began to tilt back but the workmen, Navy and civilian, didn't mind what it did to their scaffolds. Here water from the interior pours from pumps

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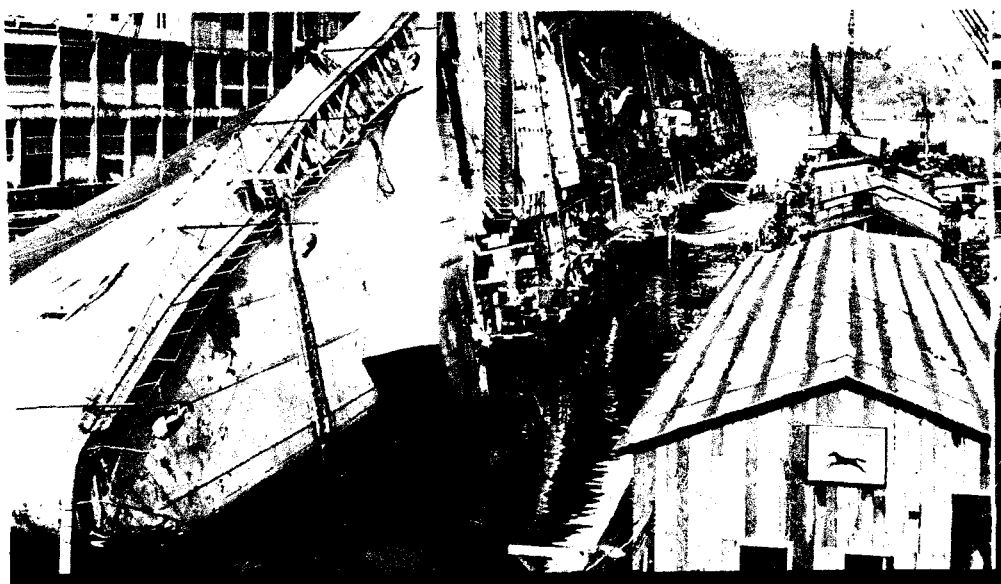


Salvage required 18 months while submerged hull was made watertight by closing openings under water and building compartments where pumping could be controlled.

Tests proved the hull to be watertight in July and raising began Aug. 5. A week late the vessel had lifted from 79 to 36 degrees, was moving toward the desired 30

Raising the NORMANDIE

By ALLEN CHURCHILL Y3c
YANK Staff Writer

ONLY the instruments could see her move, but she came up out of the mud and water 8 feet the first two days. The fourth day she had reached an angle of 45 degrees. By the next afternoon she had risen to 40 degrees, and it seemed certain that the Navy had pulled off the world's biggest job of salvage.

Oddly enough, it was just 18 months ago to the day that the *Normandie*, practically refitted as the transport *USS Lafayette*, had caught fire and rolled over on her side in the dock in the Hudson River, New York, a smoldering wreck.

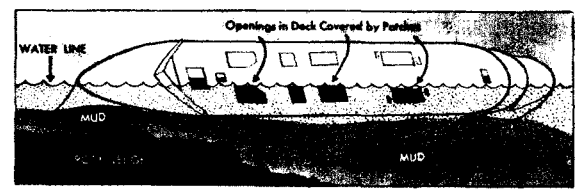
The first divers who went down inside the ship found themselves in a black labyrinth of unfamiliar and unorganized passages, staterooms and holds. Every movable object — furniture, stores, everything—had tumbled to the port side when the ship rolled over. All this debris would have to be removed before any work could start. Because of the silt in New York Harbor, underwater work would be done in darkness.

Yet the Navy decided that salvage was both possible and worth while. It was figured that the job would take about two years. The salvage operation they estimated might cost $5,000,000 (so far it has cost $3,750,000) and the subsequent fitting out $20,000,000. But for that $25,000,000 the Navy would have a ship that would cost $50,000,000 to build.

In the 18 months of work there was hardly a day when from 70 to 80 divers did not work in 10 to 80 feet of black water. In all there were 6,000 openings to be sealed up, and through most of them mud had squeezed into the ship. Divers who first went down sank over their heads in ooze.

Always under water, always in the dark, the divers—some servicemen and some civilians—did their job. In 17 months all the openings below water were sealed. Five thousand tons of superstructure were cut away—even under water most of this was done by acetylene torch—and brought up in small pieces. Concrete was poured through hose lines into forms built beneath the water for new compartments.

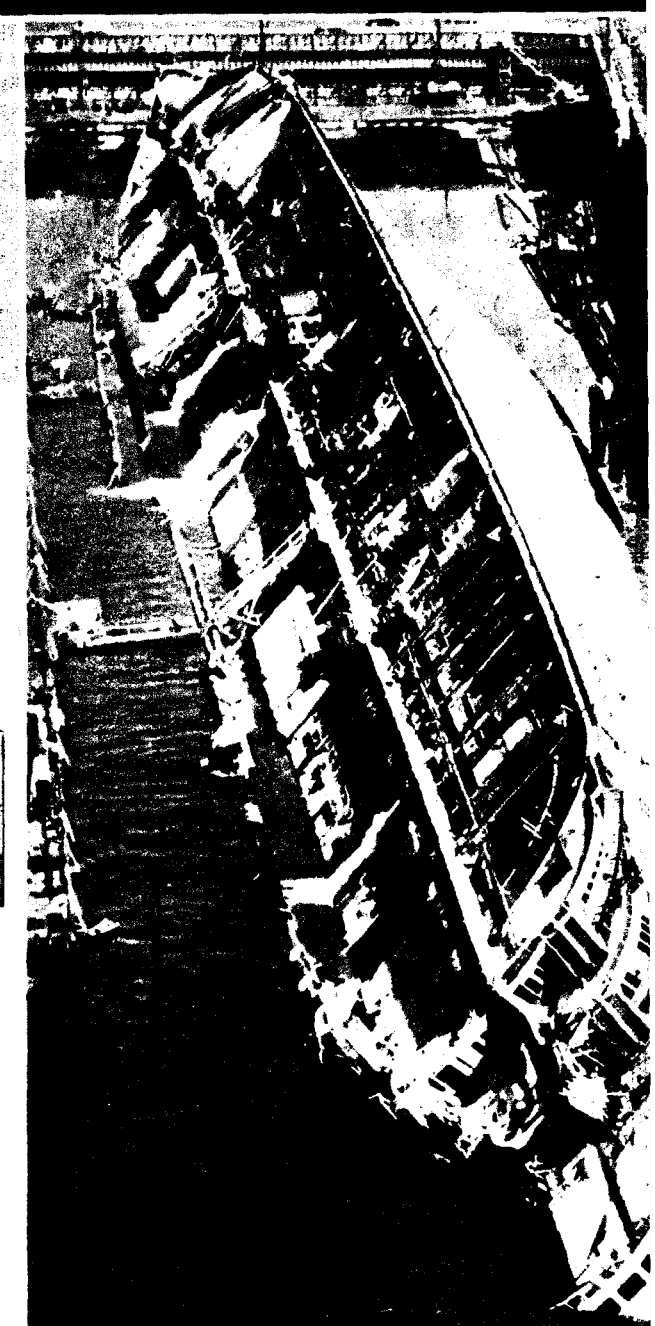
Early in August, the *Normandie* seemed ready for the real business of being raised. Pumps were slung aboard, capable of pumping 40,000 tons an hour. With all 93 pumps working full force the ship could have been pumped dry in 2½ hours. But that wasn't the idea. Controlled pumping means a little pumped out here, a little pumped



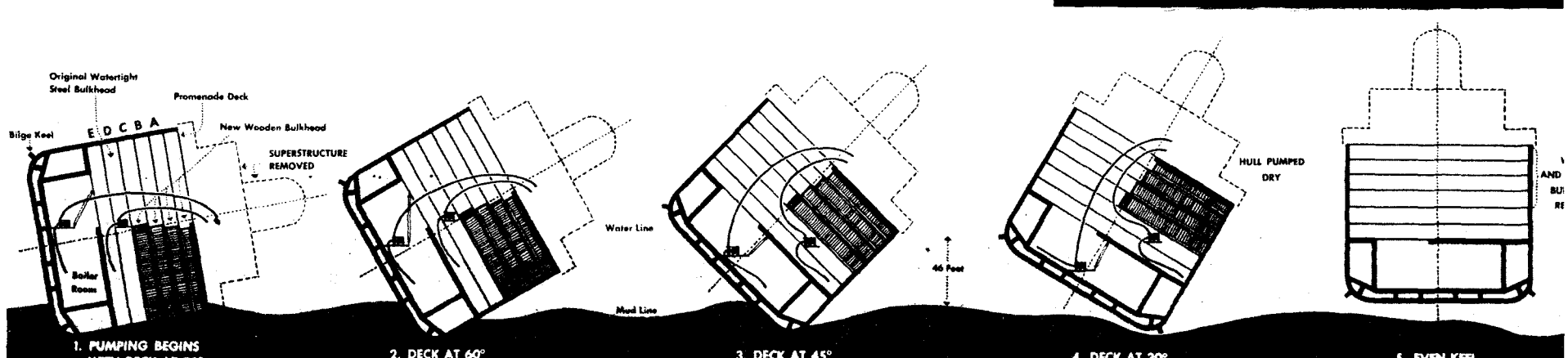
Normandie rested on rock and hard-packed mud.

out there—just enough to urge buoyancy and gravity along. Too much pumping would bring the great ship up with a gigantic heave that might flop her over again or smash her dock.

Only the instruments recorded the first upward movement; in fact, at no time could the rise of the ship from the water be seen with the naked eye. Everything went so smoothly that the Navy decided to go beyond the 45 degrees originally decided upon before pumping her out completely. Closer to 30 degrees now seemed better (because of the extra bulkheads she would list to port). Then all the remaining water, an estimated 46,000 tons, would be pumped out and the *Normandie* would be ready for the voyage from the dock that many thought was her grave to the drydock where she would again become the *USS Lafayette*.



Aerial view shows the great vessel in process of rolling from its side as the salvage operation proceeded.



Diagrams show various stages of controlled-pumping operations on liner Normandie. Greatest moment of danger came in loosing the ship from a mound of mud on which she rested. If tremendous pressure had been required to break the suction, the ship might have torn herself free suddenly. The Normandie didn't

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NEMY WEAPONS NO. 1

German Side Arms

You May Have to Use These Pistols Some Day Soon

Material for this series of articles on enemy weapons was prepared by the War Department's Military Intelligence Service with the assistance of the Ordnance Intelligence Unit.

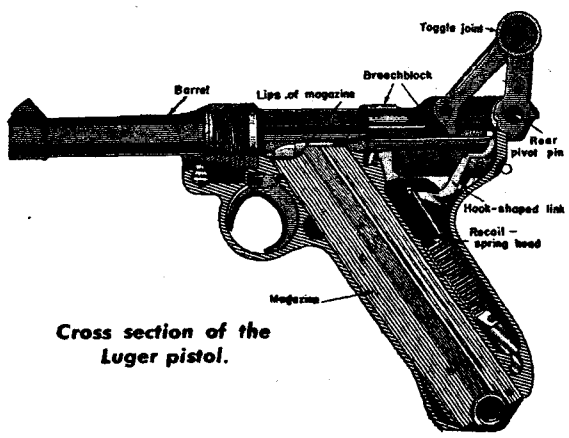
THE LUGER PISTOL

SINCE 1908 the Luger pistol has been an official German military side arm. Georg Luger of the DWM Arms Company in Germany developed this weapon, known officially as *Pistole 08*, from the American Borchart pistol invented in 1893.

The Luger is a well-balanced, accurate pistol. It imparts a high muzzle velocity to a small-caliber bullet, but develops only a relatively small amount of stopping power. Unlike the comparatively slow U. S. 45-caliber bullet, the Luger small-caliber bullet does not often lodge itself in the target and thereby impart its shocking power to that which it hits. With its high speed and small caliber it tends to pierce, inflicting a small, clean wound.

How to Identify. The Luger may be identified readily by its exposed barrel, curved butt, and generally smooth lines.

Characteristics. The Luger is the most common side arm in use in the German Army. It is a semi-automatic, recoil-operated, 8-shot pistol with a caliber of 9 mm. (.354 inch). It has a toggle-joint action very similar to that of the Maxim machine gun. It is fed by an 8-round magazine that fits into the butt and is held by a magazine catch similar to that on the U. S. service automatic pistol (M1911 or M1911 A1 Colt .45), and located in approximately the same relative position.



Cross section of the Luger pistol.

TABLE OF CHARACTERISTICS

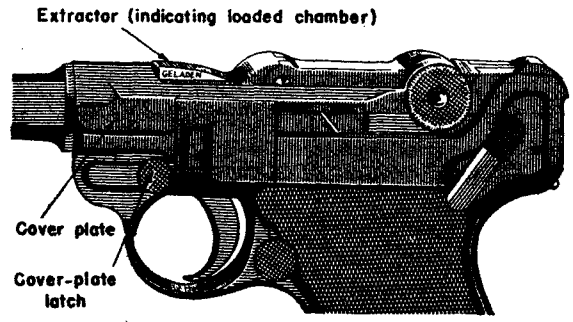
Principle of operation	recoil-operated.
Caliber	9-mm (.354 inch).
Ammunition	9-mm Parabellum (German, British, Italian, or U. S. manufacture).
Capacity of magazine	8 rounds.
Sights:	
Front	Inverted V blade.
Rear	Open V notch, nonadjustable.
Length of barrel	4.25 inches
Weight (empty)	1 pound 14 ounces.
Range:	
Effective	25 yards.
Maximum	1,150 yards.
Muzzle velocity	1,040 feet per second.

How to Operate. *Safety.*—The safety is on the left side of the receiver as you hold the pistol in firing. It is a lever pivoted at the lower end. When the safety lock is turned down and to the rear, the safety catch is on and the pistol will not fire. With the lock in this position, the German word *gesichert* ("made safe") is exposed. To release the safety, it is necessary to push the lever forward and up; the word *gesichert* will then be covered by the safety lever arm, and the pistol is ready to fire.

To load and fire.—A loaded magazine is inserted into the butt and shoved home until the magazine catch clicks. This is similar to the operation used in loading the U. S. Colt .45.

In order to move one of the cartridges forward into the chamber for firing, it is necessary to pull the toggle joint to the rear and then let it snap forward, in much the same fashion as is done with the U. S. Colt .45. With the thumb and forefinger of the left hand, grasp the knurled knobs on both sides of the toggle joint and draw the joint to the rear as far as it will go. Then release the knobs, and let the breechblock snap forward. This operation will carry forward a cartridge from the lips of the magazine into the chamber. The pistol should then be locked by moving the safety so as to expose the word *gesichert*.

It is always possible to determine whether there is a cartridge in the chamber by feeling or noting the position of the extractor. When there is a cartridge in the chamber, the front end of the extractor projects above the level of the top surface of the breechblock, exposing the word *geladen* ("loaded") on the left side of the extractor. If there is no cartridge in the chamber, the extractor is level with the top surface of the breechblock.



Close-up of Luger pistol to show operation of extractor.

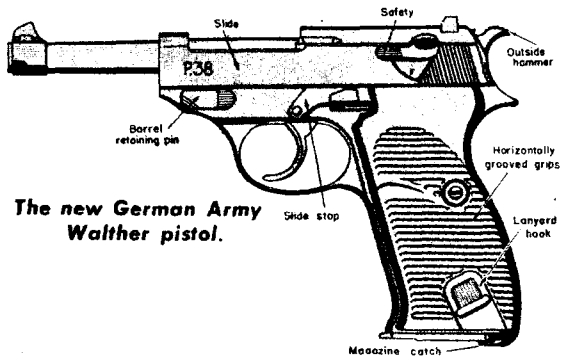
To unload.—First, press the magazine catch, allowing the magazine to drop out of the butt. Then, to extract any cartridge that may be in the chamber, grasp the knurled knobs of the toggle joint in the same manner as in loading. Pull the joint to the rear as far as it will come. This operation will eject any cartridge in the chamber.

Ammunition. Rimless, straight-case ammunition is used. German ammunition boxes will read *Pistolenpatronen 08* ("pistol cartridges 08"). These should be distinguished from *Exerzierpatronen 08* ("drill cartridges 08"). The bullets in these cartridges have coated steel jackets and lead cores. The edge of the primer of the ball cartridge is painted black. British and U. S. made 9-mm Parabellum ammunition will function well in this pistol; the German ammunition will of course give the best results.

THE WALTHER PISTOL

THE Walther, officially called *Pistole 38*, is coming into more and more general use as a standard issue in the German Army. Eventually it may replace the Luger. Although the Walther lacks the stopping of the U. S. M1911 Colt .45, it is nevertheless a handy weapon because of its double-action feature and its good balance.

How to Identify. The Walther may be identified by (1) horizontally grooved grips, (2) outside hammer, (3) marking ("P. 38") on left side of the slide, (4) safety on left rear of the slide, (5) lanyard hook on left grip, (6) double action.



The new German Army Walther pistol.

TABLE OF CHARACTERISTICS

Principle of operation	Short recoil-operated, double-action trigger mechanism.
Caliber	9-mm (.354 inch).
Ammunition	9-mm Parabellum (German, British, Italian, or U. S. manufacture).
Capacity of magazine	8 rounds.
Sights:	
Front	Inverted V blade.
Rear	Open V notch, nonadjustable.
Length of barrel	4.75 inches.
Weight:	
With loaded magazine	2 pounds 5.25 ounces.
With empty magazine	2 pounds 1.75 ounces
Range:	
Effective	25 yards.
Maximum	1,150 yards.
Muzzle velocity	1,040 feet per second.

How to Operate. *Safety.*—The safety is a lever located at the left rear of the slide. To fire, thumb up the safety, uncovering the letter "F" (*feuer*—"fire"). To lock the pistol, thumb down the safety uncovering the letter "S" (*sicher*—"safe").

To unlock the pistol, set the safety to the "safe" position. This permits the hammer to fall and at the same time locks the firing pin.

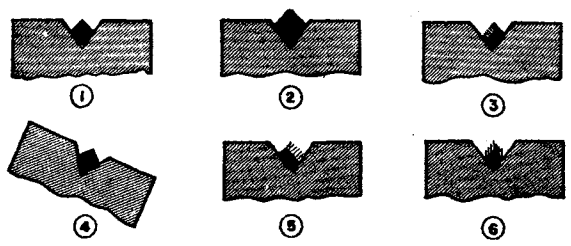
The Walther has a device which enables a quick check to be made in order to determine whether or not there is a cartridge in the chamber. If there is a cartridge in the chamber, a small pin protrudes about a quarter of an inch from the back end of the slide. If the chamber is empty, this small pin will remain flush with the surface of the back end of the slide. This arrangement is particularly handy in the dark.

To load and fire (single-action method).—Put the safety on "fire." Insert a loaded magazine into the butt and shove it forward until the magazine catch holds it. Pull the slide back once and let it snap forward. The pistol is now loaded and cocked. A pull on the trigger will fire it.

The load (alternate method).—Put the safety on "safe." Insert the loaded magazine and work the slide as described in instructions on safety above. This pistol is now loaded but not cocked. When ready to fire, put the safety on "fire" and pull the trigger. As this pistol has a double action, the pull on the trigger will cock the hammer and fire the round. After the first shot, the recoil of the slide will cock the hammer.

To unload.—Pull to the rear the magazine catch, located on the bottom rear of the butt. The magazine will drop out. Work the slide back and forth several times to be sure the chamber is emptied.

Nazi pistol ammunition box is labeled like this.



Method of using German sights. 1. Correct sight picture. 2. Firing high. 3. Low and right. 4. Low and right. 5. Lower left. 6. Low shot.

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His Plane Was Cut In Halves

And then Joe Hartman, the tail gunner, woke up and found himself alone in the remains of the Flying Fortress, falling 17,000 feet above the Solomons.

1. The Jap Zero came in so fast no one had time to train a gun on it. It dived into the Flying Fortress, cutting it in two about the middle, and knocked out Tail Gunner Joe Hartman of Birmingham, Ala. Everything was quiet when he came to a few seconds later. He wondered why the motors weren't going, then suddenly realized he was all alone in what was left of the bomber, dropping fast toward a coral-studded island. The 10 other men in the front of the plane had been killed.

2. Joe was wearing heavy clothing and an oxygen mask. These prevented him from fastening the leg straps of his parachute when he recovered consciousness. But he managed to get the chest straps on, crawled to the small escape hatch and bailed out. The first sharp tug of the parachute blacked him out for the second time.

3. He was only a few feet above water when he again recovered. He knew he would sink if he didn't get out of his heavy clothing, so he struggled out of it. Then he slipped off the parachute and fell the rest of the way. In all he had descended 17,000 feet. He was still 150 feet from the island, and as soon as he hit water he swam for it.

4. Exhausted, he lay on shore after crawling through the last few yards of shallow water. Two friendly natives, who had seen the plane fall, finally found him stretched out on the beach. They carried him inland to their small hut.

5. Here the natives sheltered him throughout the day and fed him a diet of jungle delicacies. The only food he couldn't stomach was bat meat, although he admits it smelled good. Then they made plans to get him back to his base.

6. That night when darkness concealed them from Japanese planes and shore patrols, the natives paddled him in a dugout canoe to a village where only the women worked and the men just loafed and fished. Here he rested for more than a month before he was taken by canoe and motor launch to the U. S. base at Tulagi.

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WHEN WE TOOK WOODLARK ISLAND IN THE PACIFIC, Y

PATROL. On the beach at Woodlark Island, only 325 miles away from Jap base on New Britain.

ANTIAIRCRAFT. On the windswept beach of Woodlark, soldiers fill sandbags for gun emplacements.

MUD. After heavy rain, tons of it had to be cleared off road

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SGT. DAVE RICHARDSON WAS THERE WITH A CAMERA

REMINDER. Pvt. Harold Roberts is a man from Texas.

EMBARKATION. Boarding a landing craft bound for Woodlark Island, taken without opposition.

COMFORTS. Pfc. Williamson, Pvt. Barin check PX supplies.

OBSERVER. Climbing to his post.

SWIMMING. Because of sharks only a few GIs tried it.

REST. After a day's work on big tent frame (background).

ARMORER. He puts in detonators.

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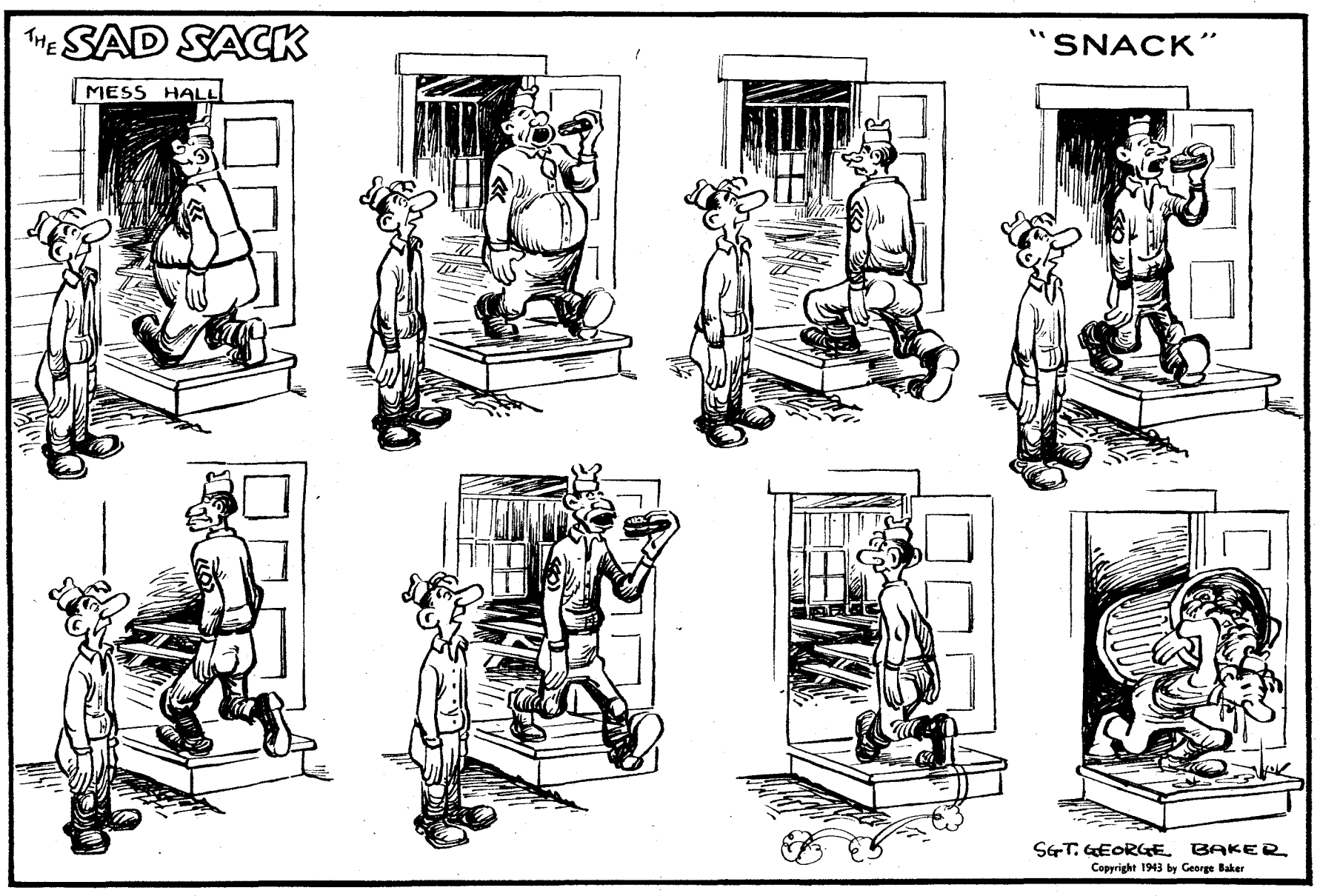

ARTIE THE BIRD FANCIER

"THEY been giving us drills," Artie Greengroin said.

"That's nice," we said. "What kind?"

"It ain't nice and they's all kines," Artie said. He sighed. Artie was in a very melancholy mood that afternoon. We were lying on our backs on the side of a green hill, looking up at the sky and watching a couple of birds circle overhead.

"Look at them gawdam boids," Artie said. "Happy as clams, they are. And why are they happy as clams? Because they don't have to do no drilling. They jess float along up in the air and spit in everybody's eye. I wisht I was a gawdam boid."

"The drills getting you down?" we asked.

"That ole bassar of a extended order is getting me down," Artie said.

"Are you in fighting trim these days, old boy?" we wanted to know.

"I'm awways in fighting trim, ole boy," Artie said. "Thass what I come in the Army for. Then they stick me in a truck and say to me, 'Greengroin, all the fighting you're going to do is with shell holes in the road, maybe,' so I say 'OK,' and now they slap this close order on me neck. Maybe in a battle or something I can do close order in the blassid cabin of me truck. I'm fed up with the Army."

"You shouldn't take things so hard," we said.

Artie sat up and turned steely, or at least glassy, eyes on us. "Thass a hell of a thing to say," he said. "Yer ignorant of the facks, thass the trouble with you. Here, give a feel of me stummick."

We gave a feel of his stummick. "A little soft," we said.

"Yeah, it's soft, all right," Artie said. "And you know how it got soft? Naw, of course you don't. When it comes to drilling yer a voigin. You ain't even had yer surface scratched. Look, tell me something. What happens when you keep dropping a orange on the floor? It gets all softed up, don't it?"

"Guess it does," we said.

"Well, thass what happened to me stummick," Artie said. "I been truning meself down on me stummick in a extended order so much that it's got all softed up. It ain't doing me no good, believe me."

"It sounds to us as if they had you, old boy," we said.

Artie spat on a buttercup. "Naw, they ain't," he said. "I'm a natural born rebel. I'm going to thwart right back at 'em. When I get this private army of mine going they ain't going to be no close order drill. But until I get this private army of mine I'm going into a seclusion unner me truck. Let that ole bassar of a top trot around the area yelling, 'Greengroin, where are yer?' Jess let him, thass all I got to say. I'll be unner a truck with a piece of literature in me hooks, boning up on Shakespeare or something."

"Do you read Shakespeare?" we asked.

"Aw, all the time, all the time," Artie said. "Now that Hamlet, he was a character. A smart apple, that Hamlet. He was a lot like me."

"That's what we've always thought," we said.

"Look at them gawdam boids," Artie said. "All they got to do in the woild is whiz around the air, eating woims. Some set-up."

"Cats get them," we said.

"Thass a chance anybody's got to take," Artie said. "Remember me and that Wren?"

"We'll never forget it," we said.

"Compared to my troubles, boids has it easy," Artie said. "Of course, I ain't got too much to complain about. I'm a pfc. I got rank. I eat well. I oney owe about 10 quid around the joint. I been keeping out of the clink. I'm laying off the dames. All in all, I should be a happy guy. But I am not a happy guy. And why? Because some ole bassar has trun me out in the cold every morning to do a extended order, to be polished off with some close order. Some war, thass all I got to say."

"You've got more to say than that," we said.

"Them boids," Artie said, "have been buzzing around the English Isle since gaw knows when. Nothing bothers them. They get tired, they sleep. They get hungry, they knock off a couple of woims. They get the ole vernal urge, they meet up with some woman boid. They got no troubles at all. Honest to gaw, I want to be a boid."

ARTIE suddenly jerked himself to a sitting position. "Jess a minute," he said. "Jess a minute. A idea jess give me a clip on the clipper. They ain't going to drill ole Artie termorrer."

"How so?" we asked.

"Hamlet," Artie said.

"Hamlet?" we said.

"He went nuts," Artie said.

"So he did," we said.

"So am I," Artie said. "Termorrer morning."

"It's a hanging matter," we said.

"A Greengroin was never a man to dodge risks," Artie said. "And besides, if it woiks I might sweat meself into a Section 8 and be discharged from the Army. And anyways, I'm out of a morning's doity woik. What've I got to lose?"

We didn't know and we said so.

"Jess you come around termorrer morning and watch ole Hamlet Greengroin," Artie said. He got to his feet. "Well," he said, "I got to hop along now. I'm a blassid table waiter."

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WORDS ACROSS THE SEA

Watts Healow Naud Harness Jones Cockersham

Pvt. Alfred Watts of Harlem, New York City, is an Ordnance man, back in Australia after fighting in New Guinea. He asks Pfc. Robert Graham to give this message to the boys in his old outfit: "I wish you all could be here with me, as everything is all reet!" . . . **Pfc. Don Healow** wants to get in touch with Pfc. Clarence (Montana) Hamilton, stationed somewhere in South America. Healow can be reached c/o YANK's *Words Across the Sea*. . . . **Sgt. Robert Naud** of the Bronx, N. Y., asks Pvt. Eddie Kehoe of New York City, now a paratrooper in the ETO "to a rowdy dow after the duration and six." Naud, whose address is APO 914, c/o PM, San Francisco, Calif., hasn't heard from Kehoe for three years.

S/Sgt. Elwyn Harness of Roseburg, Oreg., now a supply sergeant in Australia, wants his brother, S/Sgt. Gordon Harness in the AAF back in the States, to meet Snooks, the mascot of his outfit. . . . **S/Sgt. Harry R. Jones** wants to hear from Pvt. Joe Kline, who left Barksdale Field, La., in November 1941. Jones can be reached c/o YANK's *Words Across the Sea*. . . . **Pfc. Arthur Cockersham** of Des Moines, Iowa, is now in Iran. He has two brothers in the Army: Pvts. Jesse C. Cochersham in Texas and Donald C. Cockersham in Chicago. He tells them: "This is nothing like Texas, Chicago or Des Moines. In fact it's nothing like nothing. Hope we can get together (but not here) sometime soon."

Mail Call

Dear YANK:
This department would like to express the appreciation of the entire Corps for the many fine WAAC articles you have used in YANK. YANK is widely read among members of the Corps, not only for news about the Corps but for the interesting and well-presented news about the boys in the service all over the world.

—**OVETA CULP HOBBY**
Washington, D. C. **Colonel, WAC Director**

Dear YANK:
I read your July editorial on foreign service ribbons and, believe me, I agree. There are guys who abuse these privileges by going to an A my store and buying medals, ribbons, whistles, etc. Perhaps they don't realize how silly they appear when someone who knows them sees them strutting down the street.

Shreveport, La. —**S/Sgt. ALFRED D'INNOCENTI**

Dear YANK:
Having recently returned from the Southwest Pacific, seeing so many beribboned USO heroes sort of bowled me over. I have been issued an Asiatic-Pacific ribbon, three stars authorized. My old outfit holds a Presidential Unit Citation, which is impossible to obtain without certification. So why aren't the rest allowed to be purchased only with a certificate?

Davis Monthan Field, Ariz. —**Sgt. JAMES L. DEFFENBAUGH**

■ The only star authorized by the Army in the current war is for service in the Philippines after Dec. 7, 1941, for the Asiatic ribbon.

Dear YANK:
. . . No mention was made of the exception that soldiers assigned to duty on board ships in battle areas will be authorized to wear American Theater ribbons. . . . Of all the outfits in the Army, the ship radio operators are the bastard outfit that beats them all. Guys are unable to get ratings, and sometimes it even takes months to get pay and GI issue.

Seattle, Wash. —**An Operator**

■ See *Strictly GI* in an early August YANK for the latest on ribbons. It answers your problem.

Dear YANK:
. . . You proved a point I was arguing with another dogface. He claimed the right to wear an American Theater ribbon because he got over the Gulf on a routine flight while stationed in Texas.

Sheppard Field, Tex. —**Pvt. ROBERT L. WENDT**

Dear YANK:
This is a picture I took of a pet fox that belongs to Cpl. Strickland. It's a red fox and is 11 months old; quite tame and smart, too, since he's familiar with the old chow call.

—**Pvt. RAYMOND G. POKLACHI**
Alaska

Dear YANK:
Here at Syracuse University we have been waiting from July 20 to Aug. 9—just eating, sleeping and growing fat—waiting for school to start. Why don't they give us some general service officers instead of limited service men who don't know how tough a real soldier had it before we came to Syracuse?

ASTP, Syracuse University —**J. W.**

Dear YANK:
Being from the good old Gopher State, we're especially interested in seeing a home state pin-up girl. We refer to Florence Hansen, one of Earl Carroll's beauties.

Fort Lewis, Wash. —**Sgt. K. WHALEN and the Boys**

Dear YANK:
I have the pin-up girls and save them all. All the girls you've picked so far are nice, but to my heart, all beauty lies with one girl, Katharine Hepburn. I'm sure you overlooked her, and I will expect to find her in a future copy.

Africa —**Sgt. DANIEL ADAMICH**

Dear YANK:
I am heartily in agreement with Pvt. S. Baron. The present American Legion should not be the organization for the veterans of this war. There is undoubtedly a concerted effort under way by Legion officials to bring this about. They are working on our wives in various ways right now. They are attempting to identify themselves in the public mind as being the "veterans' organization." We should have our own association and avoid the selfish idea that the Government owes us anything. We as citizens are the Government and with our own organization can shape a better nation and a better world. To let men of another generation, who have proved their shortsightedness, selfishness, isolationism and obstructionism, organize the veterans of this war would be a tragedy.

Presque Isle, Maine —**Maj. OTHO R. HILL**

Dear YANK:
Just a line from one of the gang of scribes in a PX out in the desert. The men can take it. All Uncle has to do is turn 'em into a scramble then all will have a scowl on. In other words the sclerotic will show. And the theater of war will have a good show, right? All in the pink and scabrous.

Camp Irwin, Calif. —**Pvt. ART ROGERS**

■ You mean with a havis on each man's service record?

Dear YANK:
Why the absence of a "J" company in the alphabetical arrangement of companies in the Army?

Fort Custer, Mich. —**Sgt. IRVING SILK**

■ Best answer we can find is that in appearance it's too much like "I."

Dear YANK:
Why is it that the PXs sell V-Mail forms at the rate of 50 forms for 35 cents, when the same number can be obtained at the 5-and-10 and many drug stores for 20 cents?

Fort Sam Houston, Tex. —**Pfc. SAT HAYASE**

■ Private printing concerns may make V-Mail forms if they have government permission. This probably accounts for the discrepancy in prices.

Dear YANK:
While describing wartime Arkadelphia, Ark., Sgt. Bill Davidson used the following statement: "There is still the same strange combination of magnolias, illiteracy, culture, moonshine and vice." Please publish something more than one man's opinion gathered from reading "A Slow Train Through Arkansas"—preferably facts and figures. And please give Arkansas' rank in illiteracy. If we are last, I want to know.

Britain —**Pvt. ANSIL HETHCOX**

■ The percentage of illiteracy in the U. S., according to latest figures, is 4.3. Arkansas, with 6.8, rates 37th in literacy among the states.

Dear YANK:
We, the ground crews and mechanics of the Eighth Air Force here in England, are writing this letter with feeble and trembling hands. One of your articles has so shaken us that we feel that nothing but an actual performance of an engine change on a B-17 (full-scale model) by a certain Sgt. Jack Lohman of Washington, Pa., in three hours would restore this outfit to normal. We realize that he's a graduate of Keesler Field, and we read the comics also. Would you please send us one half-dozen such sergeants so we can go home and join the WAC? With all our experience we cannot come anywhere near that time even with two or more men. This is written in reference to an article by Sgt. Merle Miller in the No. 2, Vol. 2 of YANK.

Britain —**We of the ETO**

MESSAGE CENTER

Men asking for letters in this column are all overseas. Write them c/o Message Center, YANK, 205 E. 42d St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll forward your letters. The censor won't let us print the complete addresses.

A. Pfc. WILLIAM K. ADKINS, with the Coast Artillery in Australia, write to your brother, Cpl. R. T. Adkins.

C. Pvt. "DAGGIE" CAULIN, Australia, see *Message 1.** . . . PETER CERQUOZ, Canal Zone, see *Message 4.*†† . . . IRBY COLE of Richmond, Va., see *Message 3.*† . . . Sgt. STEVE G. COLEMAN JR., once at Camp Callan, Calif., write to Sgt. Roscoe Rouse. . . . JOHN C. COTTE, formerly in the 32d Bn., Camp Grant, Ill., write to Pvt. Fred T. Burke. . . . RUDY CZIBERE, Canal Zone, see *Message 4.*††

D. MELVIN DE GRASS, once at Fort Belvoir, write to 1st Sgt. Harold Harding. . . . RUSSELL DILSWORTH, once in a TD Bn. at Camp Polk, La., see *Message 5.*‡ . . . WALTER DOHUN, once in the 401st TSS, Sheppard Field, Tex., see *Message 3.*† . . . 1st Sgt. RAY DOLAN, possibly at OCS, see *Message 6.*‡‡

E. Pvt. BRADFORD M. ECKEL, 137th Inf. when last heard from, write to Pvt. Joe Singer. . . . DAN ELEFANTE, Canal Zone, see *Message 4.*††

F. ROBERT FALLETS of Passaic, N. J., write to Cpl. W. B. Siek. . . . HARRY FOOSE, Canal Zone, see *Message 4.*††

G. Cpl. RUDOLPH Z. GALEANA, USMC, get in touch with your brother, Pvt. Gilbert Valeriano. . . . Sgt. JOSEPH and Group Leader ANTHONY GARAFOLO, see *Message 6.*‡‡ . . . VICTOR GARAULAUSKY of Ainsle St., Brooklyn, N. Y., write to Pvt. Peter Tursa. . . . Cpl. JOE GLENN, once at Keesler Field, Miss., see *Message 7.*§ . . . Pvt. JOSEPH GREGORIA write to your brother, Pvt. Sam Gregoria.

L. Sgt. BOB LAMP, once at Keesler Field, Miss., see *Message 7.*§ . . . T/Sgt. DOUGLAS A. LAVIOLETTE, in the 12th Serv. Sq., Gowan Field, Idaho, when last heard from, write to Pfc. Norman E. Monroe. . . . AL LONDON of Philadelphia, Pa., see *Message 3.*† . . . C. W. LOWRY, once at Keesler Field, Miss., see *Message 7.*§

M. Lt. RAY G. MARSH JR. write to Pfc. R. J. Langendorfer and Rayzo. . . . Will JOHN (HEAVY) MARTINO, once in Co. D, 5th ERTC, Fort Belvoir, Va., write to Cpls. Walt (Red) Fuchs and Larry (Happy) Felton. . . . Sgt. JOSEPH MASTRUENNO, see *Message 6.*‡‡ . . . M/Sgt. ROBERT H. MCKENNEY, whose last address was APO 958, San Francisco, get in touch with M/Sgt. William W. Browne. . . . TOM MORRELL, Canal Zone, see *Message 4.*†† . . . Sgt. HENRY MYSLYWEZYK, New Guinea when last heard from, write to Pvt. Harry Rygielski.

N. HENRY NASUTI, once in the 401st TSS, Sheppard Field, Tex., see *Message 3.*† . . . JOHN NOWINSKI of Jackson, Mich., once in the 401st TSS, Sheppard Field, Tex., see *Message 3.*†

O. Pvt. ROBERT OSWALD, at one time with an MP unit, write to Pvt. Hugo J. Zimmerman.

P. CHARLES PAPIES, at one time a first sergeant in the AAF in New England, write to Sgt. Robert J. Newton. . . . Sgt. ROCKY PAPPENDRAYER of Brooklyn, N. Y., who was once at Camp Pendleton, Va., write to Pfc. Thomas R. Iverson. . . . JIM POWERS, who lived at 5441 N. Winthrop Ave., Chicago, Ill., write to Pfc. George A. Kafka.

R. Lt. WILLIE E. RACHELLE, once in a QM Bn. near Camp Lee, Va., write to S/Sgt. Eddie Joe Logan. . . . T/Sgt. THOMAS J. RAFTER, last address: APO 958, San Francisco, Calif., write to M/Sgt. William W. Browne. . . . S/Sgt. TOMMY RICE, once at Keesler Field, Miss., see *Message 7.*§ . . . Pvt. ARNOLD RODIN, see *Message 2.*** . . . Pvt. EDDIE ROXBURY, N. Africa, write to Pvt. Peter J. Gallagher. . . . Pfc. LOUIS RUSSO, Africa: See *Message 1.** . . . Pfc. FRANK RYBACZIWSKI, last address: APO 34, New York, write to Lt. Salvatore Landrio.

S. PHIL SAIL, Australia, write to Pvt. Dominic Lupo. . . . DON SCOTT, Canal Zone, see *Message 4.*†† . . . ROBERT SEABROOK of Memphis, Tenn., write to Cpl. Jack O. Rogers. . . . DICK SLOCUM, Canal Zone, see *Message 4.*†† . . . S/Sgt. KENDER P. SMITH of Vincennes, Ind., once stationed at Fort Knox, Ky., write to Pvt. Paul A. Ehrmann. . . . BILL SPELLMAN of Bridgeport, Conn., write to Sgt. Harry C. Cobb. . . . WILLIAM STUDEBAKER, once at Camp Polk, La., see *Message 5.*‡

W. JACK WALKER, 160th Inf. Band, write to Cpl. Jack Bolonick. . . . Sgt. PAUL WATERHOUSE, once at Hickam Field, T. H., write to Cpl. William Yahrling. . . . M/Sgt. DAVID K. WEAVER of Warner, Ohio, write to your brother, Lt. William H. Weaver. . . . ART WILKE of Bridgeport, Conn., write to Sgt. Harry C. Cobb. . . . S. DEAN WILLIAMS, last heard from in Jacksonville, Ark., write to Cpl. Howard J. Nabors. . . . CHESTER J. WITKOWSKI RM3c, somewhere in the Pacific, write to Pfc. S. Keller.

* *Message 1:* Write to Pfc. Louis Carreia.
** *Message 2:* Write to S/Sgt. Marvin F. Rodin.
† *Message 3:* Write to Cpl. Harry Silverman.
†† *Message 4:* Write to 2d Lt. Donald A. Colton.
‡ *Message 5:* Write to Pfc. Robert D. Beavers.
‡‡ *Message 6:* Write to Pvt. Nicholas Colagiovanni.
§ *Message 7:* Write to Pfc. William G. Elder.

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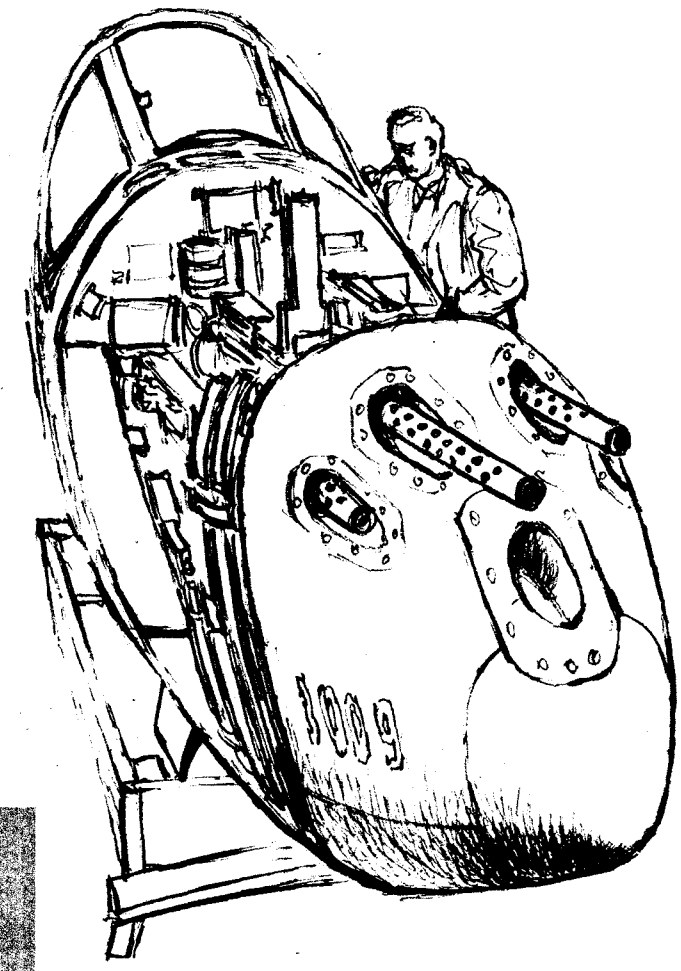
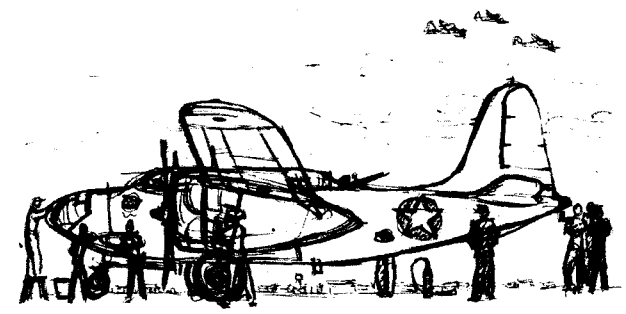
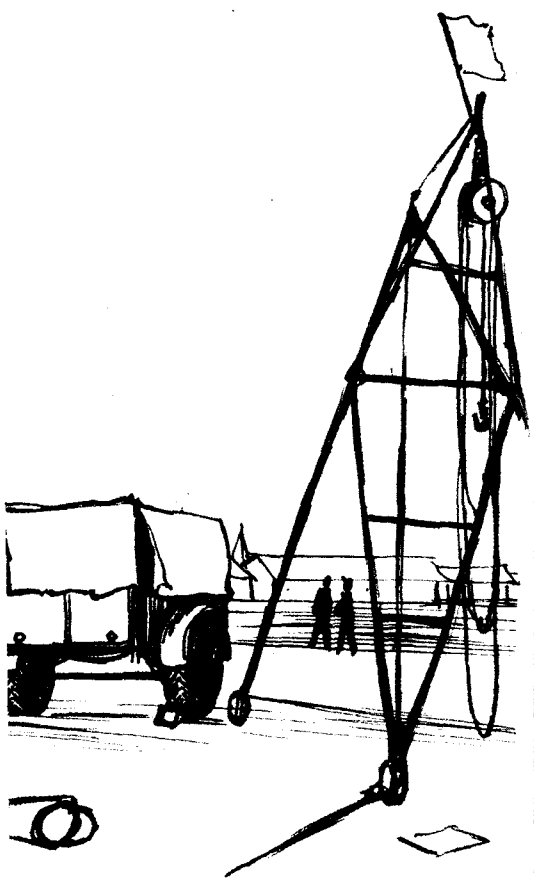


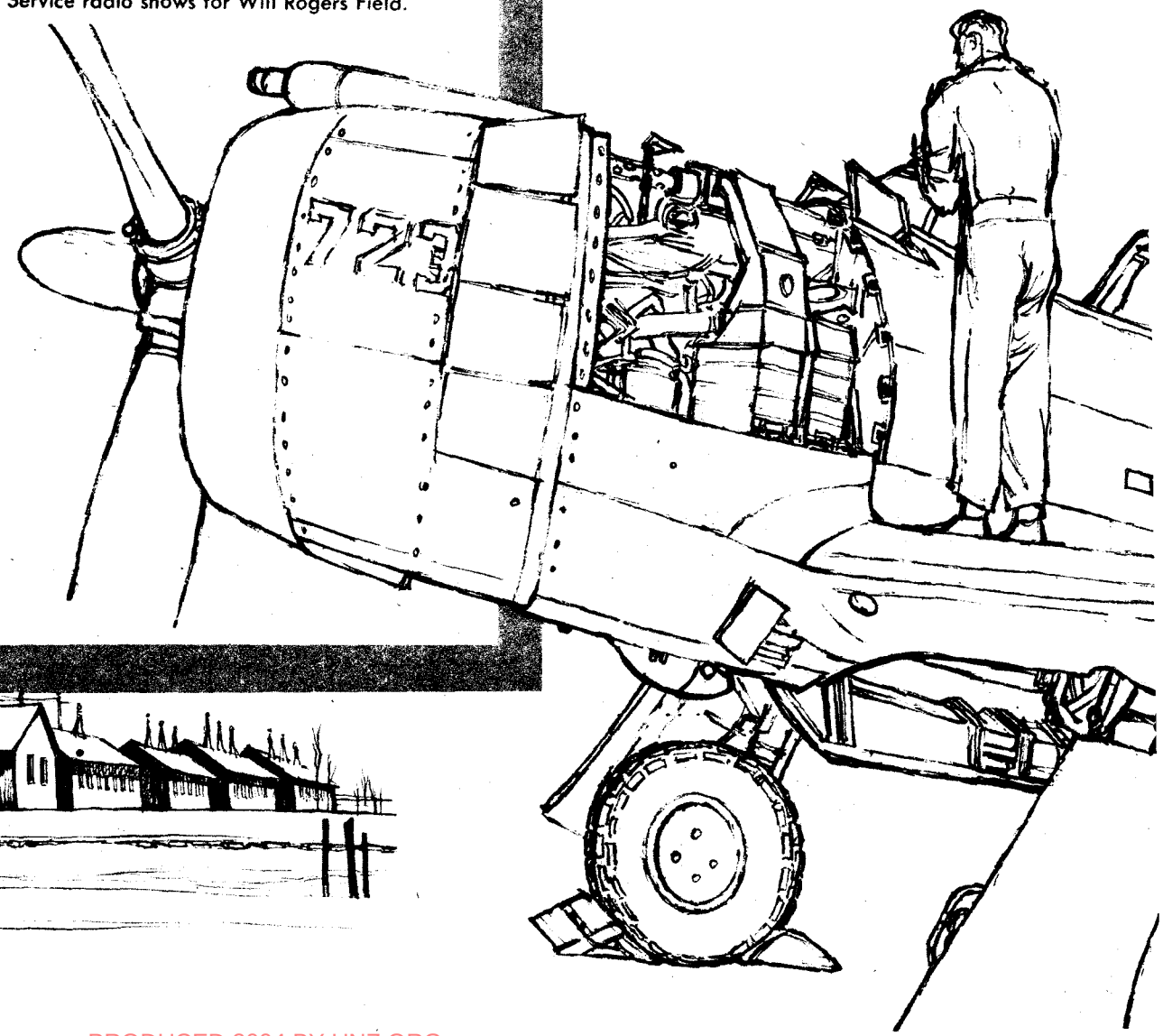
AIR FORCE ARTIST

Cpl. Martin Jack Zipin drew these sketches at Will Rogers Field and Buckley Field



THE soldiers at Buckley Field in Colorado and Will Rogers Field in Oklahoma have seen murals painted by Cpl. Martin Jack Zipin, but the sketches of Air Force training scenes on this page show another side of his talent. They were done in his spare time—with a fountain pen. "If you draw with a fountain pen, guys think you are writing a letter, and they don't look over your shoulder," he explains. Zipin calls Philadelphia his home town. He writes and directs Special Service radio shows for Will Rogers Field.





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YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

"Our" Artillery

THE Air Forces have done all right in the glamor department of this war. At long last, the Infantry seems to be getting its share of headlines, too. The Armored Force, with its tanks and half-tracks, makes a nice subject for pictures, and plenty of them came back from Tunisia.

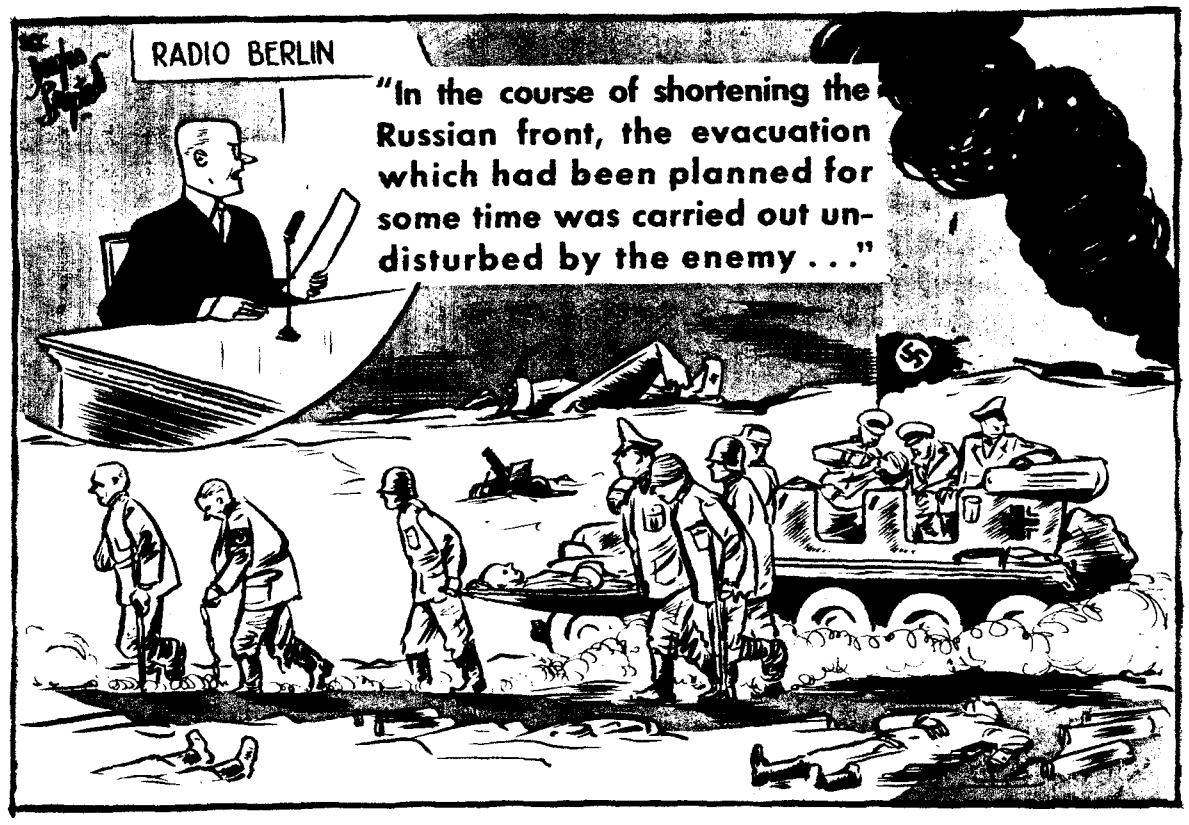
But nobody ever says much about the Field Artillery.

It gets mentioned frequently in the official communiques and general news stories from Allied Headquarters. "Supported by a thundering artillery barrage, American forces captured such and such today," they begin. But that's about as far as they go.

The war correspondents can't write glamorous and exciting stories about Cpl. Joe Smith, gunner of a 105, or Pfc. Jim Brown, cannoneer of a 155, because field artillerymen don't wipe out enemy machine guns or capture prisoners. If their guns were that close, the battery and battalion commanders would get hell from division headquarters.

No, the Field Artillery will never make headlines because it is all unheroic routine stuff. Sweating to get the gun into the right position in the dark and going nuts trying to find the break in the line to the OP. Firing so continuously for 9 or 10 hours at a stretch that the paint melts off the tube and then, just when you start to eat chow, getting orders to get out fast, move five miles and set up a new position before dawn to cover another infantry advance.

That kind of action doesn't make breathless reading in the newspapers, and so the people back home don't know much about what the Field Artillery does in action. But the enemy knows. Still trembling weakly from the effects of relentless barrages, German and Italian prisoners often ask if they can look at our "wonderful automatic howitzers." And our Infantry knows, too. A YANK staff correspondent in Sicily writes: "You never hear the Infantry referring to the Artillery as 'motorized road blocks' as they used to in the old days. All along the Northern Coast, they now proudly call it *our* Artillery."



STRICTLY G.I.

Add Limited Service

THE WD has amended its recent order eliminating the limited-service classification in the armed services [reported in an August issue of YANK]. The previous order (WD Cir. 161-1943) stated that soldiers would be discharged if they do not meet present mental and physical standards for induction. The amendment (WD Cir. 176-1943) specifies that soldiers will be discharged if they do not meet the prescribed *minimum standards of limited service.* Both orders state that men who are physically qualified for their present jobs can be retained at the discretion of their COs. All other provisions of Cir. 161 remain the same.

U Rations in Sicily

Latest word in GI chow in Sicily, according to YANK's correspondent there, is the new U ration box. This box holds three days' rations for five men and includes such stuff as pea soup, roast beef, orange juice, spaghetti and meat balls, and toilet paper. Although the box is a bit bulky for field conditions, it's a welcome change from C rations, which are the standard diet. The U rations haven't been handed out very much so far, but the guys are hoping.

Wacs' Husbands Must Work

Civilian husbands of Wacs are not entitled to that 50 bucks a month allowance which civilian wives of soldiers get, says the Office of Dependency Benefits. The matter came up recently when a 39-year-old Texan wrote the ODB asking for a family allowance based on the service of his wife in the WAC. The answer was "no." The ODB will pay off in cases of Wacs who have dependent children, mothers, brothers or sisters, but husbands are out.

Police Note

The War and Navy Departments have agreed to extend the authority of MPs and SPs over all Wacs, Waves, Spars and members of the Marine Corps Women's Reserves. Women in uniform, however, can't be thrown into guardhouses, brigs or similar places of detention.

GI Aid for Stork

Wives of EM in the lower four grades (or of any noncoms who can prove hardship cases) can get free maternity care from funds appropriated by Congress for that purpose. Application forms can be had from your family physician, local hospital or pre-natal clinic, the Red Cross and other state or national welfare agencies. The doctor chosen must be on a list on file at local hospitals and public-health offices. The same program provides free medical care for soldiers' kids who are under a year old. The program is not yet in effect in Louisiana, North Dakota, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Texas, Colorado and Puerto Rico.

GI Shop Talk

The OWI announces that more than 2½ million American soldiers are now overseas, more than half of them in Pacific areas. . . . Here is the order of priorities on mail going overseas: official air-mail letters, V-mail, regular air mail and regular letters under 2 ounces. . . . The Navy will soon commission 600 women doctors for active service. They will be stationed in the continental U. S. The Army has 10 women medical officers, the WAVES eight. . . . Allied airmen in the ETO have a new "automatic lung" which doubles the time they can stay up in the substratosphere. . . . Blood-plasma bottles furnished the Army by the Red Cross will no longer have white labels. Some medics were shot in the Pacific areas by Jap snipers because the white labels on the plasma bottles made perfect targets. The labels are now of colors to blend with the surrounding country. . . . Regulations call for breweries to turn 15 percent of their beer over to the armed forces. Speaking of beer, brewers say there is very little difference between the 3.2 beer sold in the PX and the beer that is sold to civilians in gin mills, taverns and hotels. The civilian beer, it seems, is only 3.5, which is very little more alcohol than you get in a bottle of GI lager. . . . German soldiers captured in Sicily don't know much about the current war news. They think Moscow has been captured and believe that New York is being bombed daily.

Washington O.P.

PLANS are being considered to make courses in Army technical schools and OCSs count as academic credits toward college degrees. . . . The WD circular of July 13 which set up new eligibility rules for wearing the American Theater ribbon will not be retroactive. Those who were entitled to wear the ribbon before that date are not affected and may go on wearing it.

The job of rehabilitating disabled veterans, which Congress gave the Veterans Administration last March, is now under way. . . . Face value of GI insurance jumped from 57½ billion in April to 85 billion in August as a result of the last insurance drive in which Congress made it possible for soldiers to take out policies without physicals prior to Aug. 10.

S/Sgt. Clifford R. Wherley, discharged from the AAF after 21 combat missions in North Africa because he is only 16 years old, told us how he happened to sign up at the age of 14. Seems he went to the movies one night, saw "Sergeant York" and liked it so much that he lit out the next morning at 4 without so much as an "I'll be seeing you" and enlisted. Then he got into aerial gunnery, he says, to duck a week's KP that was coming to him.

Over the public-address system in Washington's teeming Union Station came this call: "Will the sailor who is to meet a blond in a green dress report to the station master's office. There is a message for you." Six sailors, one tech sergeant and one pfc. were on the ball.

—YANK's Washington Bureau

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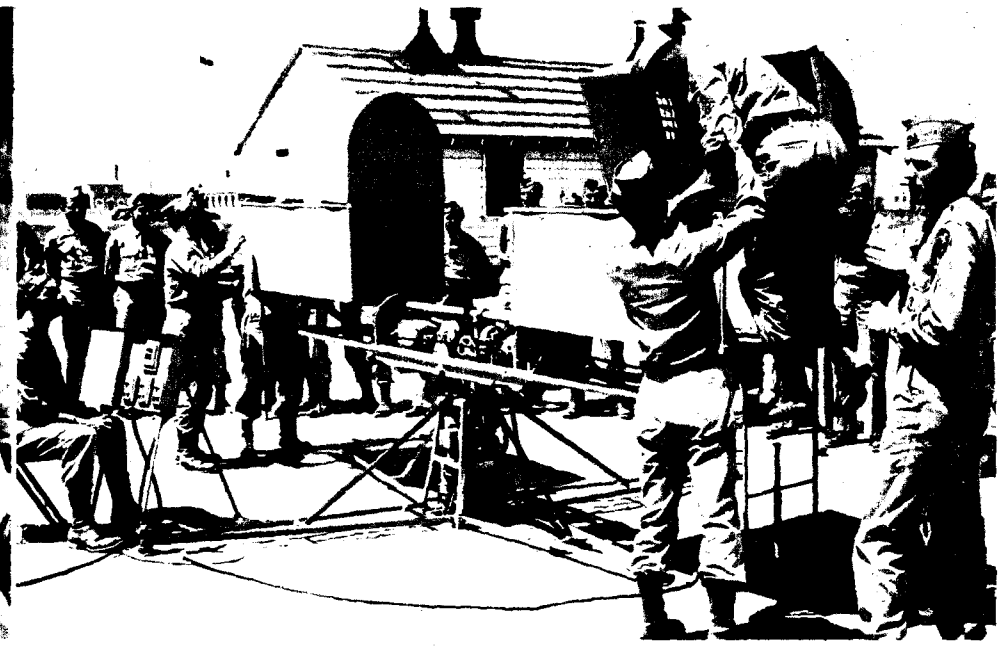
"WOLF SCOUTS." Men superior in brain and brawn at Camp Adair, Oreg., earned this title. Front (l. to r.): Sgt. Wright, Pfc. Scuza, Pvt. Puskus, Pvt. Blundell, Pvt. Evers, Pfc. Blondell, Pfc. Eaton, Sgt. Hanan. Rear (l. to r.): Pvt. Taylor, Pvt. Church, Pfc. Ray, Pvt. Lipscomb, Cpl. Jackson, Pvt. Jenkins, Pvt. Lewis, Pfc. Dodson.

FAMILY REUNION. Chief Petty Officer A. L. Hipp came back from the South Pacific to find that his home was not in San Francisco any more but at the Randolph Field (Tex.) Instructors' School, where his wife is a Wac; proving "home is where the heart is." Here, she shows him her photo-department duties.

MIGRATORY BIRD. Dorothy Sarnoff, well-known soprano, came to Camp Blanding, Fla., to give some soldiers a treat for their eyes no less than their ears. Wife of Lt. Sheppard Aaronson, medical officer of the 225th Inf. Regt., she sings here in Service Club No. 1. Dorothy starred in the operetta "Rosalinda."

TOUGH GUTS. This guy could never have been in the Old Army. If he's practiced in the art of goldbricking, it doesn't show here. He cares! He's grunting for the honor of his regiment in a contest at the Medical Training Center Summer Olympics, Camp Pickett, Va. Keep pulling Henry, they're weakening!

LOVE? HUNGER? Is she chewing his ear out of affection or for the food in it. Either reaction can be explained by the fact that the tolerant soldier, Pvt. William Looley, is acting mess sergeant at the Tourney Convalescent Camp, San Bernardino, Calif. The name of the nibbling fawn, the camp mascot, is Eleanor.



STOMACH TROUBLE. An unsteady soldier is helped out of the motion sickness machine at the Engineer Amphibian Command, Camp Edwards, Mass. This machine, designed to aid research in getting rid of sea sickness as a hindrance to military operations, can pitch, roll and make you want to jump overboard.

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CAMP NEWS

How to Win a War

Santa Ana Air Base, Calif.—Sgt. Harvey Varner spent months dodging bombs and pounding a typewriter at Darwin and in New Guinea. Then he was sent back here for flight training.

Strolling from his barracks one day, Varner was stopped by a second lieutenant, who asked him where he'd gotten his campaign ribbons. Sgt. Varner told the officer about his overseas service.

"Well," said the shavetail, "you haven't seen the *real* Army until you've done a hitch at Santa Ana Air Base."

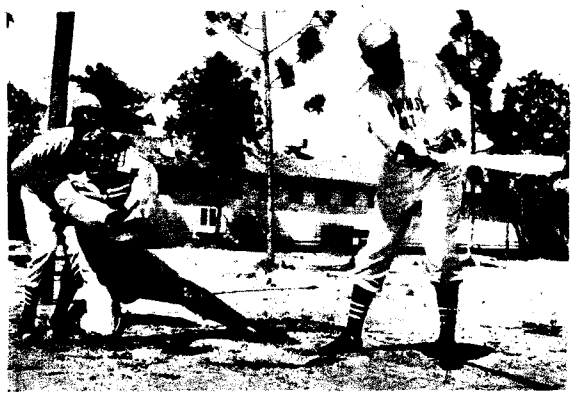
GI Blue Brings GI Blues

Camp Breckinridge, Ky.—Pvt. William L. Bowling of Henderson, N. C., was issued blue denims when he entered the Army. One day he became involved in a line of denim-clad Nazi prisoners. Realizing his mistake, he started to draw away from the labor-gang formation.

"Stop that prisoner," yelled a guard. Tommy guns were leveled at Pvt. Bowling, who promptly halted and flung his hands over his head.

"I'm no Nazi," he protested. "I'm from North Carolina."

The guards finally released Bowling after he had shown them his dog tags. Now Pvt. Bowling is beseeching the supply sergeant to exchange his blue denims for regulation green fatigues.



WARMING UP. QM soldiers at Camp Davis, N. C., practice before the game. Umpire, Pfc. R. Frank; catcher, Pfc. M. Lawing; and batter, Pfc. J. Smith.

A Rumor Is Born

Camp Hood, Tex.—Cpl. George Wax, Co. B, 815th TD Bn., went home on an emergency furlough. The emergency was the imminent birth of his first child. The rumor started there.

A friend yelled, not too clearly: "Wax is going to Milwaukee to have a baby."

Another GI took it from there with: "A Wac has gone to Milwaukee to have a baby."

By sundown it had gone the rounds and had come out: "Several Wacs have gone to Milwaukee to have babies."

MUSCLING IN

Victorville Army Air Field, Calif.—For many months on graduation days, GIs here have been having themselves a nice racket. At a buck a throw, lining up outside the post theater to give the newly commissioned bombardiers their first highball proved very profitable. Until—

Wacs, with an eye to easy pin money, moved in and took over. Now the GIs salute in vain.

AROUND THE CAMPS

Camp Claiborne, La.—"If anybody has any contraband, throw it in the middle of the floor," said Sgt. Charles Hendershott to a group of men about to be discharged from the detachment replacement pool. Then he turned his back. When he faced the men again, he found a pile of miscellaneous articles—and a complete WAC uniform. There are no Wacs at Camp Claiborne.

Fort Sheridan, Ill.—Wac Pvt. Thorrow Johnson is attending B & C School here. When she received her special orders, she found she was attached to the school for the cooking course, plus rations—and quarters. An order followed almost immediately revoking the quarters clause, and Pvt. Johnson is still living with the Wacs.

DeRidder Air Base, La.—S/Sgt. Ginzkey and Sgt. Christy Siragusa were in the finance office late one evening writing letters. Two recently arrived GIs entered and one inquired about a loan. They were told that the Red Cross and AER offices were closed for the night and were advised to see the CO. Came the answer: "We don't want to see the CO. We just want a buck to get some beer and go to the movies."

Luke Field, Ariz.—Pfc. Walter Lein finally got a 3-day pass. As he went out the gate he said: "I'll probably get 3 days of KP when I get back." He did.

Camp Shanks, N. Y.—T-4 Robert Siegel picked up the phone and answered: "Police and prison office, Sgt. Siegel speaking." The voice on the other end inquired how things were in the P & P office. "Quiet," said Siegel. "The major isn't here yet." The voice spoke: "This is the major speaking."

Fort Sill, Okla.—Pvt. William G. Campbell of Battery F, 32d Bn., FARTC, is being advised by barracks mates to relax. They think he is taking his training too seriously. Aroused by activity near his bunk the other night, they found him practicing putting on his gas mask—while he was fast asleep.

Scott Field, Ill.—Sign in the 3d Area Service Club here: "GUESTS WILL RIDE THE POST BUS AT ALL TIMES GOING TO HOSPITAL, GUARD HOUSE OR ANOTHER CLUB."

Camp Haan, Calif.—Cpl. Robert Toman of the Engineers was asked by a Wac to swap his smooth GI tie for her fancier rough-woven one. He agreed, then asked her why she wanted to trade. "Well," she explained, "you know we have to tuck in our ties, too, and this kind—well, it tickles."

THEY SHALL BE NAMELESS

A Wac at **Camp Edwards,** Mass., was in a hurry to do her laundry. She grabbed a barracks bag at the foot of her double-decker and ended up doing not her own but a bunkmate's laundry. . . . Bullets whistled overhead as he crawled through an infiltration course at **Fort Sam Houston,** Tex., and suddenly a GI found himself looking at a full-grown coiled rattler. The sick book shows the result of this encounter: "Treated for blistered stomach." . . . While a replacement was being interviewed at **Pine Camp,** N. Y., he stated he was a motorcycle rider. "How long have you been driving a motorcycle?" he was asked. "Oh, I haven't driven one," came the reply, "but I've ridden on the back twice." . . . A gunnery sergeant, en route by train from **Kingman Army Air Field,** Ariz., dreamed that he and his buddies were paratroopers flying over Axis territory and the order had come to jump. In his sleep, he opened his Pullman window, clutched a pillow to his chest, and rolled out into the countryside. Fortunately, the train was going slowly and the GI was unhurt. . . . Long before KP roll call in the early morning at **Stuttgart Army Air Field,** Ark., a GI appeared in the mess hall. He started the steam in the coffee urns, mopped the counters, swept the floors. The explanation: He had run a soup kitchen in depression days and this was old routine for him.

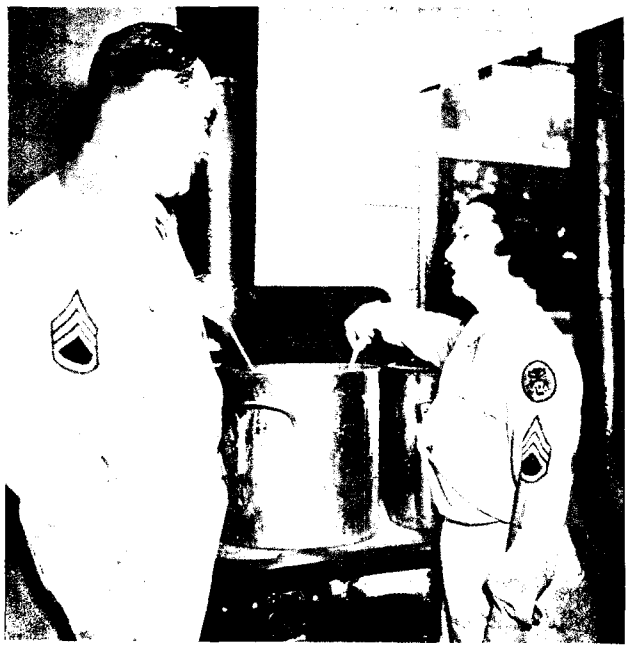
WHO'S A DUMMY?

Kearns, Utah—Veronica waved at the MP. Veronica was riding with the GI truck driver and Pvt. Fred Way, her dancing partner in the "Bondwagon Show" here. Three in the front seat is no go, according to regulations, so the MP gunned his motorcycle and finally caught up with the truck.

He looked at Veronica, turned red and then waved Pvt. Way and the driver on.

Veronica is a dummy.

If it's a good story, or a picture that's interesting, send it on to YANK, Camp Features, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y., and let other GIs share it with you. A minute of your time might mean a whole day's laugh to a fellow GI.



FAMILY POT. Mess Sgts. Wiser and Wiser, man and wife, stew the beans at Camp Hood, Tex. Mess management brought them together but Wac-wife Virginia says they don't discuss it when alone.

SOLDIER CLOWN. Pvt. Leonard (Fluffy) Gilard of Chicago, Ill., panics the personnel at Fort Jackson, S. C. A member of the 106th Signal Co., he is shown here entertaining at a dance near Columbia, S. C.

FIRST MEETING. If there's anything to omens, Diane, 3 months old, will do a lot of maneuvering when she gets older. She was born while her dad Pvt. Melvin Oschner was on Second Army maneuvers.

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THE POETS CORNERED

Nor all your piety and wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line.
Pfc. Omar K., 1st Pyramidal Tent Co

IN INDIA

Oh, in India, in India,
All the cows walk in the street
And the air is, oh, so sweet;
But if you're wise, you'll be discreet—
In India.

Oh, in India, in India,
Fortune-telling fakirs dwell,
And the lies they sell sound swell,
But if they're true, I'll say farewell—
To India.

Oh, in India, in India,
Pretty women wear a veil;
Thereby hangs a mournful tale
Because the veil is not for sale—
In India.

India —Cpl. LEO LIEBMAN

GREENLAND'S WOE

We sat on our bunk
In a blue sort of funk
(It was only our second night here),
For someone had said
With a shake of his head,
"Like I say, there's no women or beer."

"No women?" we said
With our eyes growing red
From tears and a horrible fear.
"Yep, it's all true enough
And it sounds pretty tough,
But there just ain't no women or beer."

So it's a sad sort of thing—
Maybe someone can sing
And maybe somebody's conscience is clear—
But Greenland will be run
And the war will be won
Without the help of a woman or beer.

Greenland —Cpl. JOHN FISHER

PUZZLER

All kinds of names have Army men—
Names without wherefore or why,
But the middle monicker I don't ken
Is brief mysterious "NMI".

Greenland —S/Sgt. ED O'MEARA

SONG OF THE SOLOMONS

On Guadalcanal the days are fair,
No discord troubles the dulcet air
Till the raucous shout pervades the night:
"Hey, you—turn out that flaming light!"

Condition red or condition green,
Just strike a match in the tropic scene;
A chorus appalled howls in the night:
"Hey, you—turn out that flaming light!"

If you drive a jeep you'd better park
When the lights fade out to purple dark,
Or you'll hear the song of the tropic night:
"Hey, you—turn out that flaming light!"

Safe in his hut the squadron's major
Will light his lamp, and it's a wager
You'll hear the scream from out of the night:
"Hey, you—turn out that flaming light!"

You'd better turn out that flaming light
When you hear them howl in the stilly night,
For a slappy guard or a tough marine
Will shoot it out with a mean machine.

Reluctant dragons safe home in bed
Will spring into action from the dead,
When a thrifty wife says low in the night:
"Hey, you—turn out that flaming light!"

Guadalcanal —Cpl. R. A. BEARD

OH, COSMOLINE, MY COSMOLINE

Oh, Cosmoline, thou didst protect
My friend, my trusted rifle.
Thy deed is done; thou served me well;
Why dost thou stay and trifle?

Oh Cosmoline, my fickle heart
No more has love for thee.
Why must thou bring me pain and make
This life so hard for me?

Thou kept my M1 free from harm;
For this my thanks I speak.
But now a trace of thee to me
Means KP for a week.

New Guinea —Sgt. JOHN READEY

THE FIGHTING 24TH

Listen, my children, I'll tell you a story
Of a tough bunch of Negroes who fight for Old Glory.
It was at a lecture one February morn
That a captain hinted we wern't there for long.
When we left the barracks and moved to the wood
The Army grapevine started operating good.
We moved on to a new location
Which proved to be our port of embarkation.
I was on the first ship to leave the shore,
Maybe never to see the States any more.
For 21 days we sailed the Pacific blue—
A long time on the water, I'm telling you.
Early one morning we sighted land;
The leader decided to strike up the band.
We unloaded our equipment with the utmost of haste
Amused by the natives, red cloth around waist.
We couldn't interpret the native language
So we tried to teach them a little English.
After exploring the island for many days
We became more familiar with native ways.
Winning this war is going to be hard
But the Fighting 24th will do its part.
Not for love and glory, but for the good of men
To make this world a better place "for all races to live in."

South Pacific —Pvt. THOMAS M. SWIFT

[CENSORED]

We used to think, in days of peace,
When cobbers got together,
A good opening for friendly talk
Was mention of the [censored].

Thermometers rather suggest
(If I may be so bold)
That temperature sometimes goes up,
And often it's quite [censored].

There's something I cannot quote,
Although it comes to mind:
If [censored] comes, Shelley once asked,
Can [censored] be far behind?

And now that you have read this verse,
You can't write, don't forget,
That (though my humor may be dry)
My doggerel is all [censored].

Australia —Sgt. CLYDE KENNETH HYDER

BARRACKS BAGS

A necessary nuisance;
Everybody's got 'em.
Everything you look for
Will be found at the bottom.

Miami Beach, Fla. —Cpl. SAMUEL P. GRAPMAN

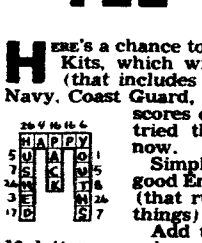
COAST TO COAST. New York's Ziegfeld Theater, built as a monument to Flo Ziegfeld and in recent years used for movies, will be turned back into a legit house by Billy Rose, according to *Variety*. . . . The Lyric Theater Guild at Allentown, Pa., will offer "Junior Miss" as the first of five Broadway productions of its subscription season. . . . The Denver (Colo.) Theater holds a "Dawn Jamboree" for swing-shift war-workers at 1 A. M. every Wednesday. . . . "Jane Eyre," with Sylvia Sidney and Luther Adler, is playing at the Cass Theater in Detroit. . . . Theater-lovers in Roanoke, Va., have petitioned their City Council to save the historic Academy of Music. . . . The Steuben County (N. Y.) Fair promises hitching racks for patrons coming on horseback.

Sylvia Sidney

HOLLYWOOD. Forty chorus gals will fall in behind Alice Faye and Carmen Miranda in "The Gang's All Here" and, to Benny Goodman cadence, will do their number barefooted out of deference to shoe rationing. . . . Fan letters demanding snips from Monty Woolley's beard prompted producers of his forthcoming film to insure the actor's alfalfa for $50,000. . . . Carole Landis is working so hard for the war effort that one day she rushed out of her hotel carrying what she thought was a handkerchief and when she arrived to keep an appointment she found it was a dainty piece of underclothing.

TEE-TOTAL

HERE'S a chance to win one of YANK'S big Puzzle Kits, which will be given as prizes to GIs (that includes *all* branches of the service—Navy, Coast Guard, etc.) who submit the highest scores on this puzzle. If you haven't tried this word game before, start now.



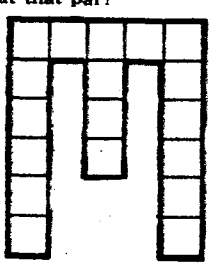
Simply fill the diagram with four good English words. No proper nouns (that rules out names of persons or things).

Add up the number values of the 18 letters you have used, giving each letter its value as shown on the chart below. The idea is to use words which have letters of high value. *In adding your score, count each letter only once.*

A sample work-out is shown here, with the score of 211. Can you beat that par?

LETTER VALUES

A	4	N	9
B	25	O	1
C	10	P	16
D	17	Q	13
E	3	R	18
F	11	S	7
G	12	T	8
H	26	U	5
I	2	V	20
J	23	W	22
K	24	X	15
L	21	Y	6
M	19	Z	14



Score..... Submitted by:

.....

.....

.....

Mail to Puzzle Editor, YANK, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y., within two weeks of the date of this issue if you are in the U. S., within *eight weeks* if you are outside the U. S. [9/3]

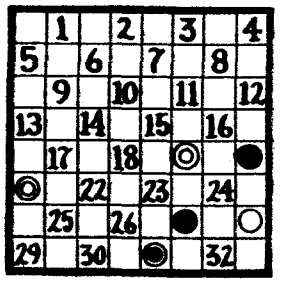
CHECKER STRATEGY

WHITE TO MOVE AND WIN

DEEP stuff—see if you can dig it.

It's hard to see how White can have the edge here. Black is certain to crown his man on 27, and then the score will be perfectly even: 2 kings and a single piece on each side. So how will you wangle a win with the Whites?

Well, the win's there. Look the positions over. And before checking your analysis with the answer on page 22, number the playing squares of your checkerboard from 1 to 32 as shown.



CHANGE OF ADDRESS

If you are a YANK subscriber and have changed your address, use this coupon to notify us of the change. Mail it to YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y., and YANK will follow you to any part of the world.

FULL NAME AND RANK ORDER NO.

NEW MILITARY ADDRESS

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Allow 21 days for change of address to become effective

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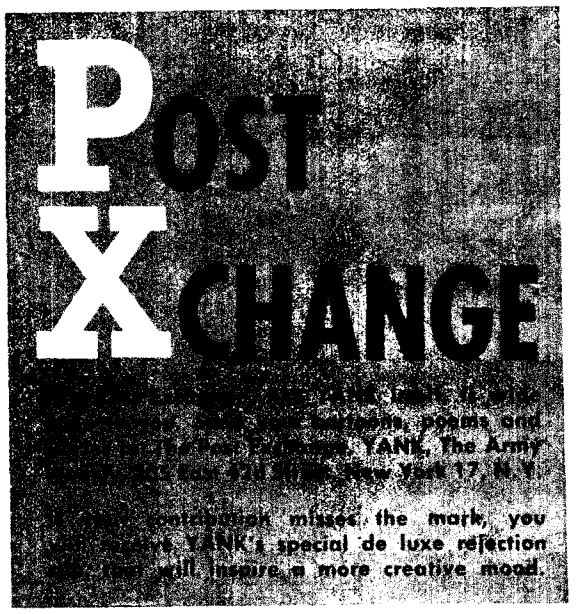


DISCOURSE ON ARMY COFFEE

Army java
Resembles lava.

With sugar and cream,
It's a ghoulish dream.

Mixed with GI soap,
It's a powerful antidote
For various diseases
Contracted from sneezes.

Like all good Army food,
It can be either drunk or chewed.

So please be lenient
Because soldiers without teeth find this very convenient.

Perhaps this is just a nonsensical notion
But, in lieu of gin, try the coffee mixed with a 38-percent solution of Jergen's lotion.

Pfc. Hubert Blotz, 32369476, formerly employed by the Dainty Twist Confections Corp. of Atlantic City, has oftentimes remarked that Army coffee
Can be mistaken for salt-water toffee.

Except that the salt-water toffee is stickier.
However, GI coffee is often thickier.

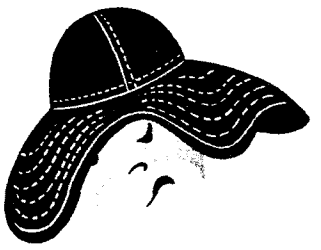
But this is terribly rude
To so desecrate Army food.

And it's downright mean
To so insult GI caffeine,
Because, after all, like every succulent Army staple, it's source is a bean.

—Pfc. BOB STUART McKNIGHT

Army Air Base, Alliance, Nebr.

Joe is a Trouble Maker, See



LATELY I've been to so many Army training films that I'm beginning to see them in my sleep. In fact that's about the only way I do see them, until the lieutenant comes down the aisle and wakes me up.

But however you look at it, Army film making has improved a lot. They've got it down to a system. Stick around while I bat one out to show you what I mean.

[*Lively martial music.*]

"THE CARE AND MAINTENANCE OF THE M1101 MATTRESS COVER."

"RESTRICTED: This vital information is available only to military personnel, and to Life, Look, Peek and Pic."

In the opening scene two guys are getting inducted. One of them needs a shave, his tie is loose and he has the wrong attitude entirely. Usually his name is Joe, although this is optional.

"Where," sneers Joe, "do I pitch this tent?"

He holds up a pair of oversized pants that QM has just issued him. This scene is standard, not only for the freshness of its humor, but because it establishes Joe's character. Joe is a trouble maker, see?

His companion, a youth named Walter, accepts his QM issue without comment. The audience may wonder what Joe and Walter can possibly see in each other, but never mind about that. For training-film purposes they will have to be buddies.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you!" cries Walter. The two now are in a barracks. Joe has flopped on his bunk and put his feet on his mattress cover.

[*Long close-up of mattress cover, as music surges ominously.*]

"You never know," continues Walter, "when you may need that mattress cover and need it badly. When you do you'll want it to be in good condition."

"Aw, wot do I care?"

A noncom approaches, a training-film noncom, alert, clean-cut and very smooth. Unlike most noncoms, who have working vocabularies of about 17 words, only nine printable, this noncom talks like a college professor.

"See here, fellows, if I were you I wouldn't put my feet on that M1101 mattress cover. You never know when you might need it and need it badly. Here, let me give you the principal features of the M1101, together with a few rules for care and maintenance."

For the next half hour the noncom discusses the M1101, field stripping and reassembling it, and exhibiting charts, diagrams and graphs that he pulls from his pocket.

"Aw," sneers Joe, replacing his feet on the mattress cover, "wot the hell do I care?"

Now we dissolve out and fade in again to the battle front. Joe and Walter still are together, since the Army never separates training-film buddies. They and four other GIs are lying on their bunks in a tent, discussing mattress covers, care and maintenance.

"Look," Joe snarls, "will you guys quit! Dontcha never think about nothin' else but mattress covers. F'gossakes!"

Benzai!" cry a group of Jap soldiers who burst into the tent just then.

All the Americans leap to their feet. They are unarmed, but they quickly pull the covers off their mattresses and throw them over the heads of the Japs, overpowering them.

All except Joe. Like the rest he jerked his cover off the mattress, only to learn it was torn in three places, allowing the Jap's head and arms to come through. Walter and the others arrive too late for rescue.

"Gee, fellows," gasps Joe, clean-shaven now and a changed man, "I wish I would of listened to you guys." As he expires he sees Walter's face in flashback, looking at him. Walter's face enlarges and fills the screen, so that he is talking to the entire audience when he says, "Some day you're going to need that mattress cover and need it badly. . . ."

[*Fade, dissolve, music up and out.*]

Camp Davis, N. C. —O/C RAY DUNCAN

EXTENDED ORDER

I like extended order drill,
It always gives me quite a thrill.
Down on the knees, lean on the butt,
Hug the earth with your face and gut.
Then up again, bend low and run,
Now hit the dirt. Boy, this is fun.
Roll over quick, nothing to it—
If you watch and others do it.

Somewhere in New England —Sgt. IRVING CARESS

THOUGHT AT BEDTIME

To resurrect my energy and strength
So that I can go back to bed at length.

Camp Crowder, Mo. —Pvt. LOUIS FISHER

THE PX QUEEN

In every PX
Or Army canteen
There's one gorgeous pig
Who's really a queen.

The other tomatoes
Who work with this dame
Have faces unlovely
And shapes quite the same.

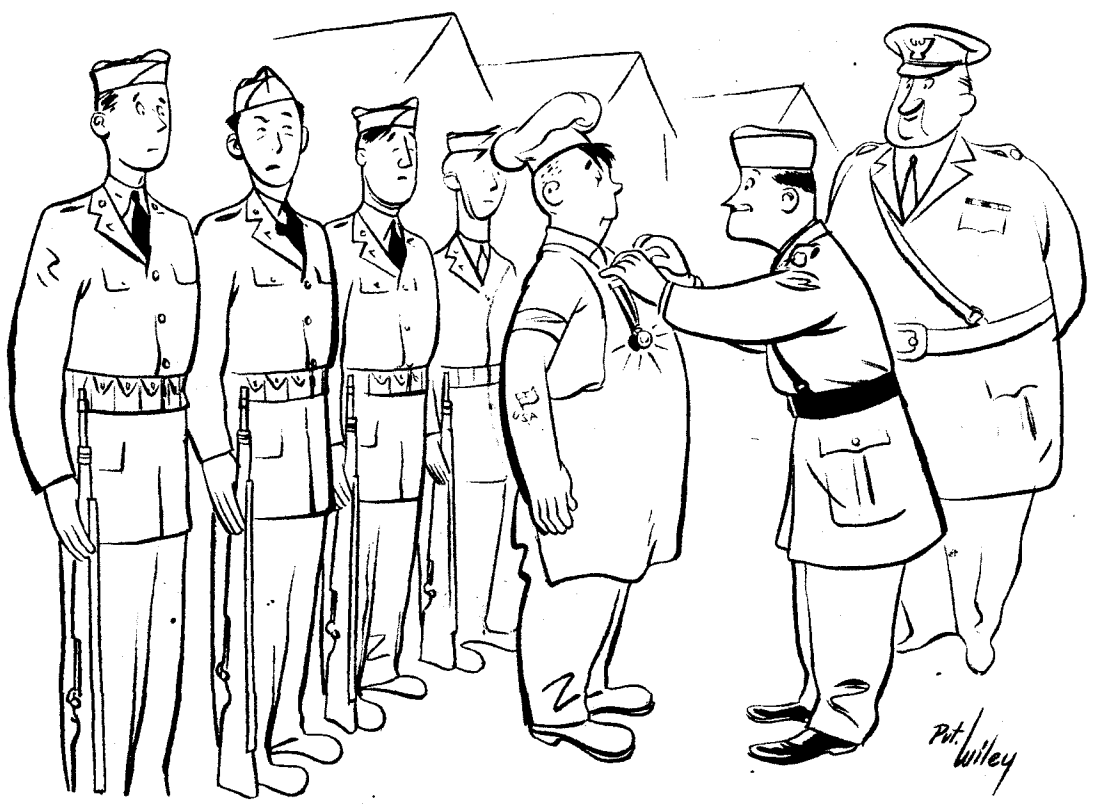
The stupes hang around
To see or be seen,
And they'll buy any junk
That's sold by the queen.

She's there just to sell
And get out of the way
The stock that they have
Too much of that day.

Just look at the dopes,
Shovin' and yellin';
They don't even know
What the hell's she sellin'.

Old razors they'd buy
And think them quite fine.
Quit crowdin', you mug,
I'm next in this line.

New Guinea —Sgt. JOHN READY



"He discovered some sort of synthetic rubber while making pancakes the other morning."
—Sgt. R. H. Wiley, Presidio, Calif.

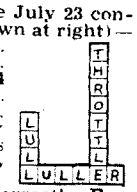
PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

CHECKER STRATEGY

White king moves 19 to 24—star move! Black has no choice but to go 27 to 32. . . . White moves 21 to 25. Black jumps 20 to 27. . . . White moves 25 to 22—and that's all there is to it. Black hasn't got a prayer. *White Wins.*

Tee-Total Winners

Puzzle Kit winners and their scores, in the July 23 contest: Tied at 335 with identical solutions (shown at right)—Lt. J. Alan Cross, Maxwell Field, Ala.; Sgt. Richard Doty, 8th S.C.U., St. Louis, and Pfc. Glenn Hoke, Chanute Field, Ill. Tied at 334 with identical solutions—T Sgt. Franklin F. Buell, Governors Island, N. Y.; T/Sgt. J. S. Celmer, Fort Belvoir, Va., and 2d Lt. Sidney Kozak, Fort Jackson, S. C. Score of 333 was submitted by Cpl. Abr. Saltzman, Bradley Field, Conn.



Some guys are still adding their scores incorrectly. Four solutions submitted on this puzzle had scores ranging from 473 to 341. Recheck showed they ranged from 311 to 277.

Even two of the above winners added wrong. Lt. Cross claimed 334, cheating himself out of a point. So did Cpl. Saltzman. He claimed only 332.

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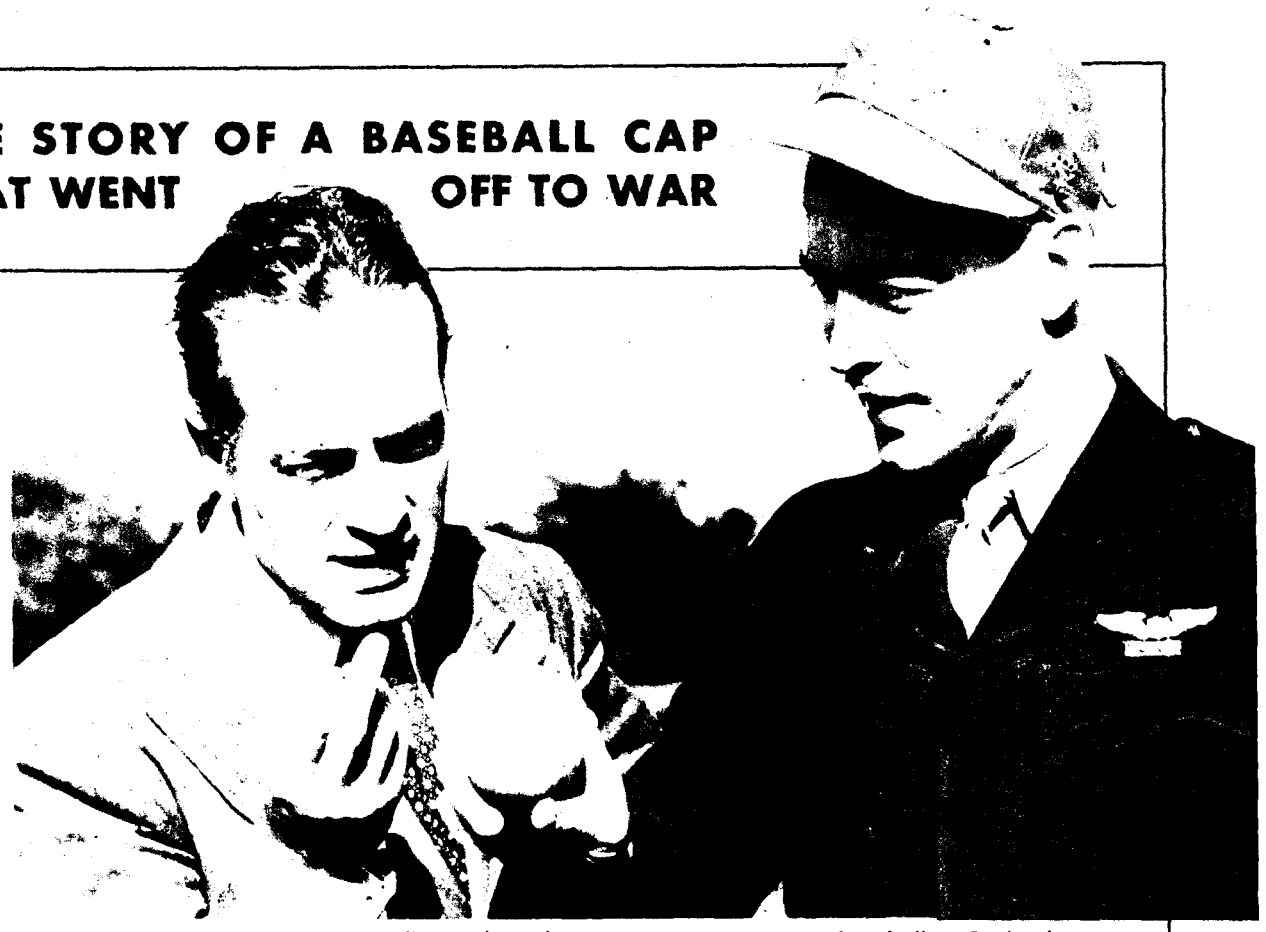
SPORTS: THE STORY OF A BASEBALL CAP THAT WENT OFF TO WAR

By Sgt. DAN POLIER



Bob Hope (left) and Capt. Billy Southworth Jr. come to grips over a baseball in England.

ONE day last month a Flying Fortress, just back from slashing at the Ruhr valley, banked around its field in England and then bombed its own control tower with a baseball.

It was Capt. Billy Southworth Jr.'s last combat flight, and his rambunctious crew figured the event called for just such a celebration. Good naturedly, Southworth readily pitched in. He even permitted the crew to tear the shirt off his back so they could tie it to the baseball to soften the drop in case their aim might be bad.

It wasn't so strange that Southworth happened to have a baseball aboard his plane. He always took baseball equipment on his missions so that he and his crew would have something to do for relaxation in case they were forced down on the continent and taken prisoners. Southworth also wore a Cardinal baseball cap on these raids, but not because he wanted to be dressed for any prospective prison-camp game. His father, Manager Billy Southworth of the Cards, had given it to him as a lucky cap when he left Bangor, Maine, for England last fall.

Pop Southworth had worn the cap through the 1942 season and won the National League pennant and World Series. Billy took it off to war and did all right, too. He was decorated with the Distinguished Flying Cross for blasting U-boat bases, roads and dams and ripping the Ruhr Valley to pieces. And now, though he has completed the required number of missions and is grounded as an operations officer, Billy still wears the faded old Cardinal cap. It means a great deal more to him than just a lucky cap.

Billy and his father have always been great pals. When Billy wanted to enlist in the Air Forces, he waited to ask his father first. Pop Southworth always gave him good advice. Once, when Billy was playing in the Bi-State League, the Cleveland Indians wanted to sign him, but his father told him he would progress faster in the bigger Cardinal farm system. Billy stayed. In four years he was an outfielder with the Toronto club and slated to move into the majors the next season.

It was while Billy was playing in Toronto that he decided he wanted to enlist in the Army. That was back in 1940. He had a day off in Newark and dropped down to Philadelphia to see his dad about it. Pop Southworth scolded him for even thinking about such a thing in the middle of a pennant race and told him to keep his mind on his business until the season was over.

"You can't play baseball and think about something else at the same time," the elder Southworth said.

"I know it, dad," Billy said. "My mind is on baseball—well most of the time, anyway. But I know what's coming and I want to be in on it. They'll have this draft working pretty soon and if I wait for that, I'll have to go where they send me. I want to pick my branch of service."

Billy didn't have to tell his father what branch of service it would be. Ever since he was a kid, the Southworths had been regular subscribers to every aviation magazine in existence. Billy's room was always adorned with pictures of airplanes and in the cellar there was a work bench where he spent most of his time building model airplanes. Pop Southworth also knew that when Billy went to Ohio State he was preparing himself for an aviation career.

Billy finished the season with Toronto and didn't mention the Army again until the next winter. One night he and his father were sitting in front of the fireplace, and Billy said:

"Dad, I know you have been thinking about me going in the Army."

"Yes, I have," his father replied. "But why don't you wait a while? We're not in this war yet. Maybe we won't get into it for another year. By that time you may be in the major leagues—and that would be something to come back to when the war is over."

"That can wait," Billy said. "I don't think this can. I think maybe you've been looking at this a little selfishly, dad."

"Maybe I have," his father admitted. "But I've been selfish for you. I just want you to have the best of everything."

Billy thought it over for a minute.

"Dad, if you were 23 years old, and war was coming on, I know you'd want to be in it. What branch of service do you think you'd like to be in?"

"Why, son, aviation, I guess."

Billy got up.

"It's 11 o'clock, dad," he said. "I guess I'll go to bed."

Southworth sat by the fire alone until the logs had burned down to embers and then put the lights out and went upstairs.

The next morning he told his wife: "Let's have a special breakfast. We'll all eat together and have something a little different."

Outside the snow was on the ground and the warm morning sunshine streamed into the breakfast room.

"Son, I did a lot of thinking after you went to bed. Now I know you are right," Southworth said as he looked out of the window.

"It's a beautiful day," he continued. "You'll never have a finer one to enlist."

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

Fred Apostoli CPO, middleweight champion in 1938, skips rope during a work-out on a light cruiser in the South Pacific. He is a gun captain.

WHEN **Fred Burley**, one-time track coach at Orange, N. J., was forced down in a New Guinea jungle, he tried to teach the natives some real games, but they weren't interested. They wanted to learn calisthenics. . . . **Lew Jenkins**, the former lightweight champion, who's on transport duty with the Coast Guard, was floored three times by a Negro boxer in North Africa recently and lost the decision. . . . Three no-hitters in the Army: ex-Yankee **Charley Ruffing**, pitching for the Air Transport Command, beat Joe DiMaggio's Santa Ana (Calif.) Air Base team, 2-0; **Warren Spahn**, former Boston Brave southpaw, now at Camp Chaffee, Ark., stopped the KFPW Broadcasters of Fort Smith, 15-0, and **William Brech** of the Air Forces handcuffed the Army Ground Force team, 1-0, in London. . . . Fort Devens, Mass., looks like the best bet for the Army baseball championship. At the last reading of the statistics Devens had won 50 out of 54 and licked both Boston major-league teams. If anybody has a better record, let us hear.

The tennis players are doing a little better than all right in this war. **Wilmer Allison**, national champion in 1935, is Lt. Col. Allison now. His doubles partner, **Johnny Van Ryn**, is a lieutenant in the Navy, and so are **Ted Schroeder**, **Joe Hunt** and **Gardnar Mulloy**. **Frank Guernsey**, former intercollegiate champion from Rice, is a lieutenant, flying in the Aleutians. **Lt. Ernie Sutter**, another intercollegiate champion from Tulane, received a shattered arm in the North African invasion and may never play tennis again. **Capt. Ramsey Potts**, the University of North Carolina ace, was decorated with the Air Medal for valor in the Middle East. **Capt. Robert Vaupell**, top-rung amateur from Seattle, has won the Air Medal, Purple Heart and Navy Cross for cleaning out the skies over Guadalcanal. **Gil Hall** is a sergeant in the tanks. He was in the last war, too. Then there's **Ensign Kendall Cramm**, a college player who never made the headlines. He went down with his ship in the Pacific after getting all his men safely off the torpedoed vessel.

Pvt. Charlie Trippi, understudy to **Frankie Sinkwich** at Georgia, is taking his basic at Greensboro, N. C. . . . The Army rejected pitcher **Atley Donald** of the Yankees because of an impaired left eye and bad back, and **Red Rolfe**, ex-Yankee third baseman and now baseball coach at Yale, because of stomach ulcers. . . . **Gunder Haegg's** interpreter on his American tour is **Pvt. Kjell Peterson** of Bolling Field, D. C. . . . **Dick Wakefield**, Detroit's slugging rookie, left a .324 batting average on the books when the Army took up its option on him. . . . The Great Anti-Climax: Mussolini's son **Vittorio** has just "resigned" as president of the European Boxing Association.

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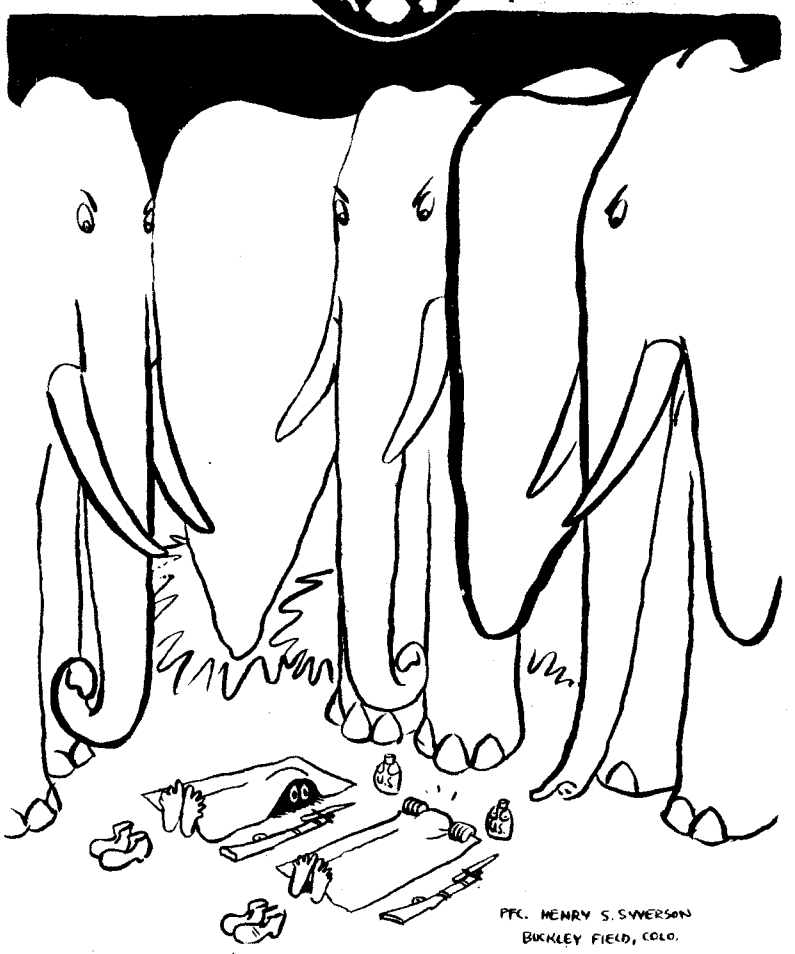
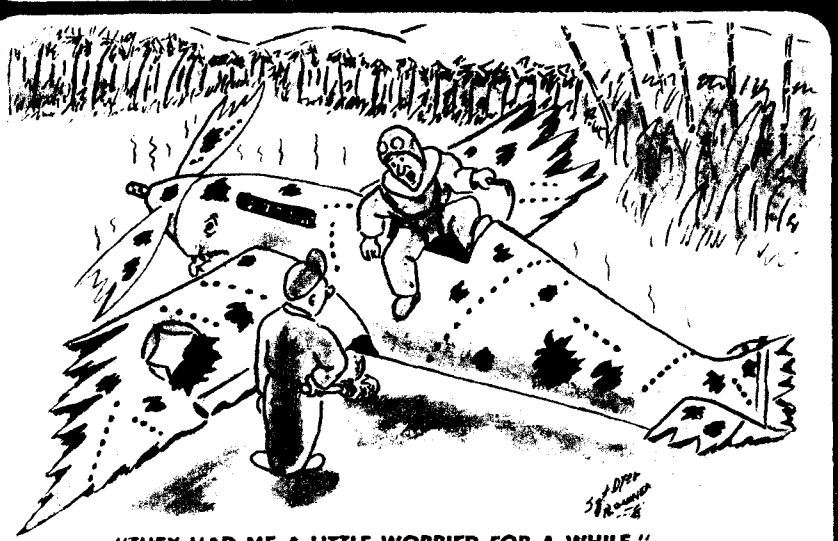
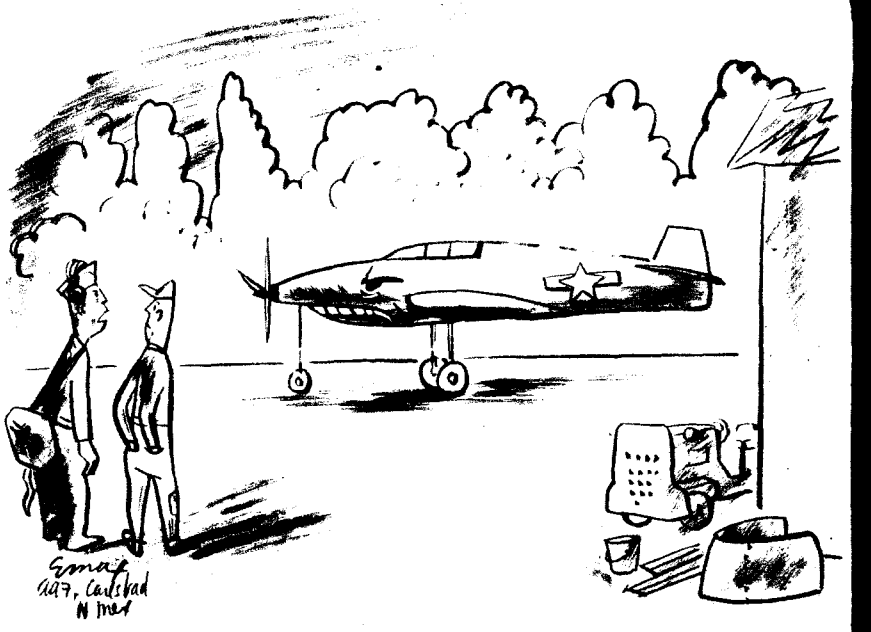
THE ARMY WEEKLY



"ARTHUR, ARE YA ASLEEP?"
—Pfc. Henry S. Syverson



"THEY HAD ME A LITTLE WORRIED FOR A WHILE."
—Sgt. Dyer



"IT GETS MADDER AND MADDER EVERY DAY."
—Cpl. E. Maxwell

"POOR JARVIS IS DEPRESSED. HE WANTED TO JOIN THE SKI TROOPS."
—Pvt. Robert Buga

"I SURE COULD'VE USED THAT 3-DAY PASS BACK IN THE STATES, SARGE."
—Pfc. Mike Duncan

"Next to a letter from my best girl—"

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